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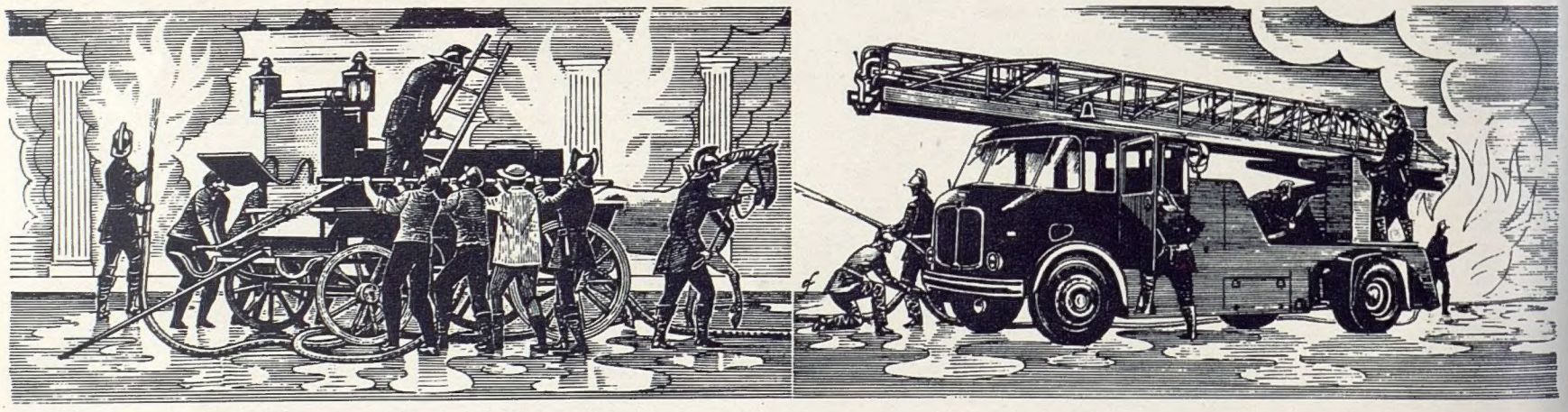

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Volume CCXLIX No. 3231

THE SPHERE

LONDON, May 5, 1962

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

ACCORD IN WASHINGTON

Mr. Macmillan asks President Kennedy a question as they meet in the White House to start their talks. The British Prime Minister arrived in America shortly after the announcement of the resumption of American nuclear tests on Christmas Island in the Pacific by the explosion of a device in the intermediate range. In their joint communiqué at the end of their talks, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan declared that America and Britain were still determined to continue to work for disarmament, including a nuclear-test ban. Other points in the communiqué included a statement that the American and British leaders were willing to consider Summit meetings whenever it seemed "such meetings would serve in the interests of peace" and agreement that contact must be maintained with Russia on such matters as Berlin. Hope was expressed that Britain's negotiations to enter the Common Market would succeed. But Mr. Macmillan emphasised the importance of preserving Commonwealth and European Free Trade Association interests. It was believed in some circles the question of American relations with China was also discussed. Before going to Washington Mr. Macmillan saw U Thant, the U.N. Secretary-General, in New York. From Washington he flew to Canada for talks with Mr. Diefenbaker in Ottawa. (John Connell writes on the Kennedy-Macmillan meetings on page 178)

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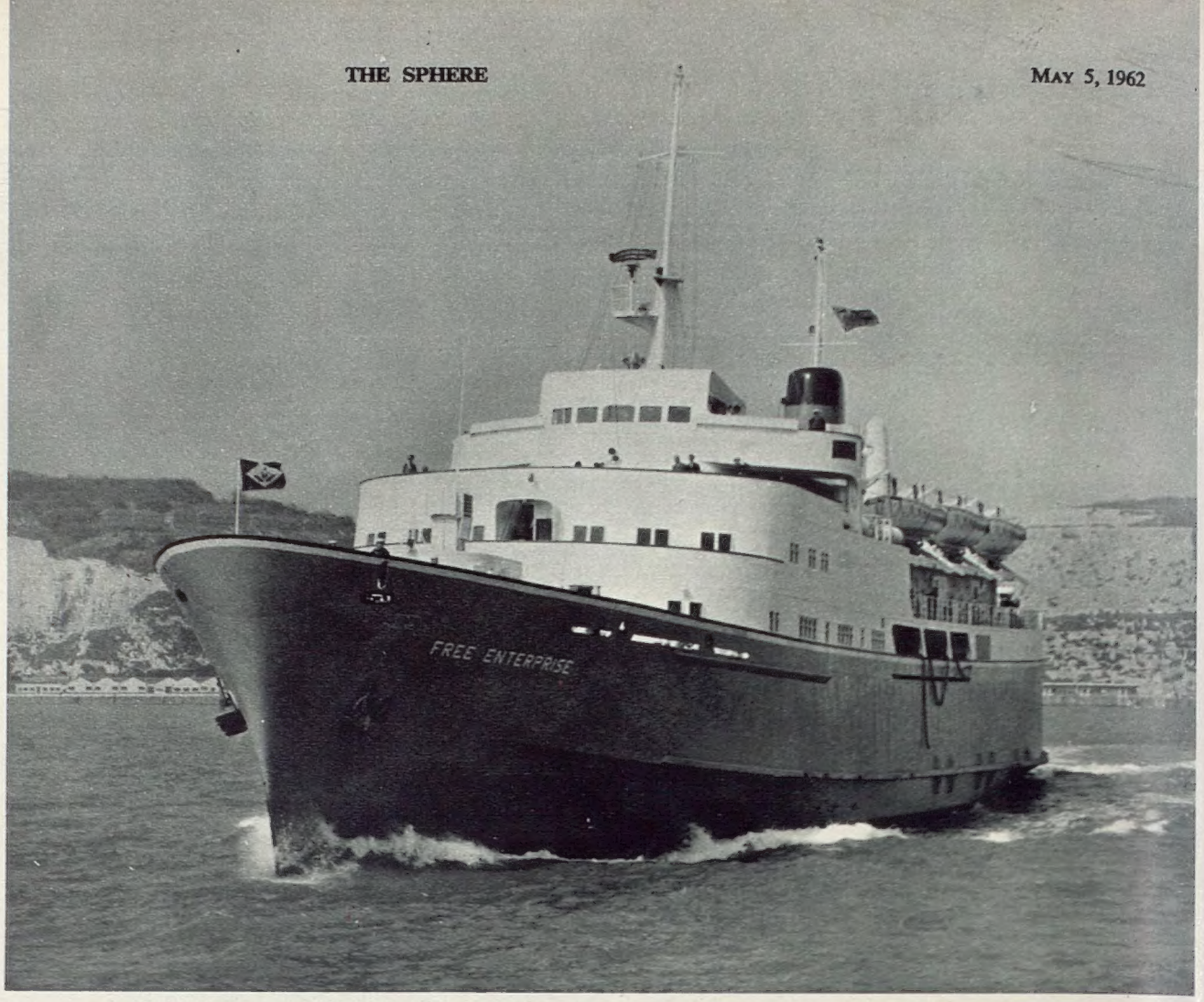


BRITAIN'S ONLY INDEPENDENTLY-OWNED CROSS-CHANNEL CAR FERRY

The *Free Enterprise*, Britain's only independently-owned car ferry on the cross-Channel run, at Dover before making her first voyage to France. The other British car ferries on cross-Channel routes are run by British Railways. Operated by Townsend Brothers Ferries Ltd., the *Free Enterprise* came into service last week. She is designed to carry up to 850 passengers and 120 to 130 vehicles. During the season she will be in operation twenty-four hours a day, making four double crossings during this period. Her special design, including a turn-table at the stern, enables her to turn round in port in only 1½ hours from entry to departure

Below right: At Sydney, Lord De L'Isle, Governor-General of Australia, rests on a shooting stick as he watches the judging of Poll Shorthorn cattle at the Sydney Royal Easter Show

Below far right: President Swart of South Africa closely inspects a prize bull in the arena of the Rand Show, after performing the opening ceremony of the international trade fair held in Johannesburg. Last week, Dr. Verwoerd, the South Africa Prime Minister, held out hopes for an economic revival in the Republic. He made his statement after meetings of the Economic Advisory Council at which several members expressed fear of serious unemployment if the rate of development was not accelerated. Dr. Verwoerd said that the Government had already taken steps. One of these was the efforts being made to increase exports

LORD DE L'ISLE AT A CATTLE SHOW

. . . AND PRESIDENT SWART OF SOUTH AFRICA LOOKS AT A BULL

Below: The Very Rev. Eric Symes, Dean of Westminster (second from left), Miss Knight, the Rev. Peter Kao, Bishop John Wellington (a former Bishop of Shantung), Rev. Francis Yip, and a group of Chinese and ecclesiastical friends are seen in the King Henry VII chapel at Westminster Abbey, after a Holy Communion service in the Chinese language conducted in the chapel. This service celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the first General Synod of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui (The Holy Catholic Church of China) held on April 26, 1912 in Shanghai. There are now some 43,000 Chinese Anglicans, most of them in China, where they are still allowed to practise, although under restrictions

CHINESE ANGLICANS CELEBRATE A HALF-CENTURY

Far right: Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, leader of the Northern Rhodesian United National Independence Party, leaves his aircraft at London Airport. He arrived in London last week on the way back from New York where he had been addressing the United Nations Committee on Colonialism, who were discussing Northern Rhodesia. While in London he met Mr. Butler, in his capacity as Minister for Central African Affairs, and addressed a public meeting at which he said "The days of the Federation are numbered." In Northern Rhodesia five Africans were killed in riots at Ndola between members of UNIP and members of Mr. Harry Nkumbula's African National Congress

MR. KAUNDA RETURNS TO LONDON FROM THE U.N.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

HOLY WATER AT A SHRINE FOR PILGRIMS IN WEST PAKISTAN

Sikh pilgrims wait to bathe in holy water in the temple at the Panja Sahib shrine near Rawalpindi in West Pakistan. Every year a large number of Sikhs are allowed to make pilgrimages to the various Sikh shrines in the Pakistani part of the Punjab. At the partition of India in 1947 Punjab was one of the states divided between India and Pakistan, and the many Sikhs living in the Pakistani part fled over the border. The site of the Panja Sahib shrine marks an incident in the life of the first guru Nanak (1469-1539), the founder of Sikhism. This is a creed intended to embrace Hindu and Muslim in one brotherhood

MILITARY REPRESENTATIVES OF CENTO IN LONDON

Below right: At a meeting in London of military representatives of the Central Treaty Organisation are, from left, Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Mountbatten, Chief of U.K. Defence Staff; General Abdol-Hosseyn Hedjazi, the Chief of Supreme Commander's Staff of Persia; General Mohammad Musa, Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistani Army; General Lyman Lemnitzer, Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff; and General Cevdet Sunay, Chief of the Turkish General Staff. The meeting, the eleventh held by the Cento Military Committee, took place last week

PAKISTAN'S CAPTAIN

Far right: Javed Burki, the captain of the Pakistan cricket team, pads up for his first net practice at Lord's before starting the current tour of England. The team's first games were due to take place last weekend, at Arundel, against the Duke of Norfolk's XI and against Indian Gymkhana at Osterley. With one exception the side have had previous experience in England

At the annual dinner of the British Mexican Society, held at the House of Commons, Señorita Lopez Mateos, daughter of the Mexican President, is greeted by Sir John Taylor, chairman of the Society. Others present at the dinner last week included the Mexican Ambassador in London and the Uruguayan Ambassador

BRITONS AND MEXICANS AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Far right: The new French Ambassador in London, in succession to M. Jean Chauvel, is M. Geoffroy de Courcel. He and his wife arrived to take up their appointment at the end of last week. Previously M. de Courcel was Secretary-General of the Presidency of the French Republic. His other appointments in his distinguished career include France's permanent representative at Nato and a member of General de Gaulle's personal staff from 1943-44. M. Geoffroy de Courcel's grandfather was the French Ambassador in London from 1894 to 1898

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother shakes hands with members of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution during her visit to the Scilly Islands. On the last day of her three-day tour of the West Country, the Queen Mother went to St. Mary's, St. Agnes, Bryher, St. Martin's and Tresco. **Far right:** She enjoys the view from the new Tamar suspension road bridge, linking Devon and Cornwall, after performing the opening ceremony. (Picture of the bridge on p. 197.) Other places visited by the Queen Mother included Penzance, Truro, Threemilestone, Plymouth and Saltash

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS

AND OPENING THE TAMAR BRIDGE

Below right: In the French National Assembly, M. Georges Pompidou (turning, centre), the new French Prime Minister, is flanked by members of his Government. Left is M. Dusseaulx, and right are M. Malraux, M. Pflimlin and M. Joxe. M. Pompidou's Government won the approval of the French National Assembly by 259 votes to 128, but 119 abstained in the vote of confidence asked for by the Premier. **Below, far right:** During a one-day strike on the French railways, two girls wait in the deserted Gare de Lyon, in Paris. The strike was called by two of three main railway unions to support their claims for more pay and shorter hours. But the main problem facing M. Pompidou remained Algeria. In Paris, the magistrate charged with investigating the case against the arrested O.A.S. leader ex-General Salan, decided to conclude his inquiries. Salan refused to answer questions unless witnesses were called on his behalf, including General de Gaulle. Last week, O.A.S. prisoners in the Santé prison, on being joined by Salan, staged riots. It was reported from Algeria that French security forces had started sweeping measures last weekend to restore order in central Oran, long controlled by the O.A.S.

THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

ONE-DAY RAIL STRIKE IN FRANCE

Mr. Edward Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, talks to the Italian Prime Minister, Signor Fanfani, during his visit to Rome. He had a series of talks last week with Italian Ministers directly involved in the Common Market negotiations, especially Signor Colombo, Minister for Industry and Commerce. Signor Colombo will preside over the E.E.C. Ministerial meetings in Brussels for the next three months. The Lord Privy Seal later returned to London via Paris

Far right: A Czech Air Force officer presents the flag of his unit to Cuban officers during a ceremony commemorating the first anniversary of last year's abortive invasion of Cuba at the Bay of Pigs. According to reports from Havana, a number of people demonstrating against Dr. Fidel Castro were arrested last weekend. It was the first public protest against the Government since last September

MR. HEATH AND THE ITALIAN PREMIER

CZECHS IN A CUBAN CEREMONY

NEWS SUMMARY

Satellites in orbit; conferences of Western alliances; official dock strike threatened in Britain; nurses demand more pay; elections in Africa and Latin America

THE UNIVERSE

According to the Soviet official news agency, *Tass*, the latest Russian research satellite, Cosmos IV, was successfully landed in a predetermined area last weekend, and scientists started evaluating the data it brought back. Cosmos IV, which circled the earth for three days, was the fourth of a Russian series launched last month to examine the radiation belt surrounding the earth.

At the beginning of this week, Ariel, Britain's first venture into space, was still orbiting according to plan. The satellite was built in the U.S. and fitted with British instruments.

The U.S. space-probe, Ranger 4, crashed on to the surface of the moon as planned, but the main purpose of its journey—to transmit television pictures of the moon back to the earth—was not carried out owing to a failure inside the satellite.

INTERNATIONAL

While Mr. Macmillan was in **Washington,** Mr. Dean Rusk, the United States Secretary of State, flew to **London** for the meeting of the Council of the Central Treaty Organisation, held there last Monday and Tuesday. Cento consists of Britain, Pakistan, Turkey and Persia. The United States sends observers to the Council but has full membership of certain Cento committees. One of the main topics in this week's meeting was the military organisation of Cento. (Photograph of military representatives on page 173.) On his arrival in London Mr. Rusk said he would be informing the Council about the talks he has been having on the Berlin problem, with the Soviet Ambassador in Washington.

The Council of another Western alliance—Nato—was due to meet in **Athens** later this week. A matter to be discussed was whether there should be modification of the system under which America has the final decision on whether and when to use the nuclear deterrent in Europe. Some Nato members are opposed to this American control.

GREAT BRITAIN

Leaders of four unions representing 67,000 dockers last weekend threatened the first official national dock strike in Britain since 1926. It would start at midnight on May 13 if renewed negotiations on the union's claims for higher wages and shorter hours broke down again. The decision to strike was reached by the national committee of the docks section of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

Several thousand nurses from many parts of England marched from Marble Arch to Trafalgar Square, **London**, last weekend, in a mass demonstration in support of their pay claim. The protest was organised by the Confederation of Health Service Employees. A resolution was passed by the nurses condemning the Government for its " deliberate obstruction of negotiations to improve the sub-standard salaries paid to nurses and midwives."

Denmark gave notice of its intention to terminate from April 28 next year the Anglo-Danish agreement of 1959 concerning the regulation of fishing round the Faroe Islands. Under this agreement, British fishing vessels have observed a six-mile limit, but the Faroes authorities have been pressing the Danish Government to apply to British vessels the 12-mile limit already applying to vessels of other nationalities. The British Government has sent an *aide-memoire* to Denmark giving its views on future fishery arrangements.

AFRICA

In **Kampala,** Mr. Kiwanuka, Prime Minister of Uganda, resigned following the defeat of his Democratic Party in last week's elections to the National Assembly. The D.P. won 22 seats to the 37 of the Uganda People's Congress of Mr. Milton Obote. The 21 members for the province of Buganda were chosen by the Buganda assembly (the Lukiko) and, as expected, were all members of the traditionalist Kabaka Yekka movement. Thus the U.P.C., although considered to be left-ward leaning, is dependent on the K.Y., with which it had an electoral alliance. Mr. Milton Obote will probably become the first Prime Minister of independent Uganda next October.

Another election in Africa last week was held in the Central African Federation. Of the 59 seats in the Federal Assembly, it was announced in **Salisbury,** Sir Roy Welensky's United Federal Party won 58. Only 15 seats were contested as most of the opposition parties (both European and African) had boycotted the election. Of the 25,000 electorate available to vote in the contested seats, only 40 per cent. went to the polls. (For a picture of Mr. Kaunda, the Northern Rhodesian African leader, see page 172.)

In Congo, Mr. Tshombe, Katanga's President, returned safely to **Elisabethville** after an incident at **Leopoldville** Airport, where it appeared that Central Government forces had tried to prevent his departure. The talks between Mr. Tshombe and Mr. Adoula, the Congolese Premier, had been temporarily suspended. It was not clear whether they had broken down; Mr. Tshombe said that he needed a rest, but would return. He said that he had been tempted to drop Leopoldville " with its rivalries, vain talks and glorious illusions," but the fate of the Congo could not leave him indifferent. In the meantime, Mr. Adoula accused Mr. Tshombe of stalling in the talks while Katanga was building up its military strength. Unconfirmed reports from New York suggested that U.N. investigators had uncovered a plot to supply arms to Katanga.

The 450-ft. flame rising from the natural gas supply at **Gassi Touil,** in the Sahara (described on pages 176-177), was extinguished at the weekend.

ARGENTINA

In **Buenos Aires,** President Guido of Argentina issued a decree nullifying the Congressional elections of March 18 in which supporters of the former dictator, General Juan Peron, obtained 47 seats, nearly one-quarter of the total seats in Congress. Previously, Dr. Guido had cancelled the results of the provincial elections, in which Peronists had gained control in ten out of seventeen provinces. These measures were considered to be a further concession to the Army, which had forced President Frondizi out of office at the end of March for not annulling the elections.

Some of the nurses, with their banners, at the protest meeting in Trafalgar Square, in London

EL SALVADOR

In elections held last week in the smallest Latin American republic, Colonel Julio Rivera was elected as President. He was the only candidate, as the Opposition refused to take part, alleging that last December's Constituent Assembly elections, in which Colonel Rivera's National Conciliation Party won all 54 seats, were fraudulent.

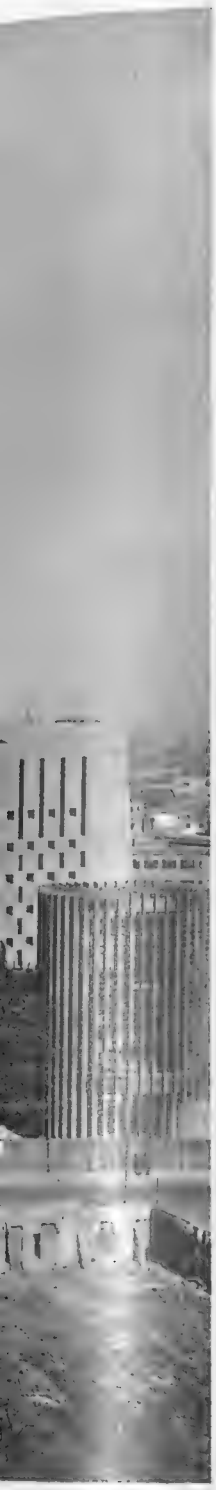
The spire for Coventry's new Cathedral is lowered into position by an R.A.F. helicopter. Left is the spire of the old Cathedral and centre background that of Holy Trinity Church

The base of the spire is fixed to the roof. **Below:** The "flying cross" was due to be lifted to top the spire

DESCENT AND ASCENT

In keeping with the modern design of Coventry Cathedral, the most up-to-date method was employed to place the 78-ft. bronze spire on the roof. A Belvedere helicopter of the Royal Air Force lifted it above the building and then lowered the 1¼-ton structure into position. The operation was aptly named "needle" by the R.A.F., for the new spire makes a striking contrast to the traditional spires nearby.

Another kind of needle, a tower termed the "Space Needle," dominates the World Fair at Seattle, in the U.S.A. Hundreds of balloons were sent up on the day of the Fair's opening. The inauguration was performed by President Kennedy, by remote control. He spoke by telephone from Palm Beach. In the British Pavilion at Seattle the products of many British companies are on view. The Fair ends on October 21. At Gassi Touvil, among the sands of the Sahara, Mr. Paul "Red" Adair, the oil-well fire-fighter from Texas, was in the news last week. He was planning to snuff out, by exploding 660 lb. of dynamite, the vast flame caused by the eruption of a natural-gas well. His first attempt had to be abandoned because of a sandstorm.



A 450-ft. flame, believed to be the biggest on earth, shoots skywards from the Gassi Touvil natural-gas well in the Sahara. The well erupted five months ago

Mr. Adair gives a Press conference about his plans for "snuffing out" the flame, seen in background

Left: Balloons soar into the air at the opening of the Seattle World Fair. Left is the "Space Needle"

JOHN CONNELL

NO EASY SOLUTION

The Prime Minister's visit to the United States at the end of last month was significant but not spectacular. He faced two of the most important and influential audiences in the country, the American Newspaper Publishers' Association and the White House Correspondents' Association, the first alone, the second in the company of President Kennedy. Last weekend he had conversations with the President. This was the fifth time they had met in this manner since the President's inauguration; and these consultations must now be regarded as a permanent factor in Anglo-American relations. Their value in general, whatever the specific occasion by which they are brought about, is beyond question, so long as they serve (as they have so far served) to keep the overseas programme and policies of the two Governments in line during succeeding months.

Neither Mr. Kennedy nor Mr. Macmillan, at this their latest get-together, was without his doubts, difficulties and perturbations. But the Prime Minister in particular was in a troublesome and delicate situation. Not that there was or ever has been any marked strain in his personal relations with Mr. Kennedy, as after Suez there was in Lord Avon's relations with Mr. Eisenhower. It is true that there have been rumours that the President chafes a little under Mr. Macmillan's mixture of urbanity and world-weariness, and that his recent encounter with Mr. Gaitskell's nervous, friendly ease was, by contrast, extremely refreshing.

Mr. Macmillan's difficulties, however, spring from a deeper source than his personal and temperamental difference from Mr. Gaitskell.

Mr. Macmillan at the International Automobile Show in the Coliseum, New York. He was told that this year was the best on record for British car sales in the U.S.

Hitherto he has been fortunate in being able to speak, whether privately or publicly, in the sublime conviction that he has had widespread political support—Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary—at home. That conviction has been dissipated by recent by-elections; it is now doubtful whether there are many really safe Conservative seats in the country.

The Government's external policies have been, in my view, far more directly responsible for its present miseries than the average " well-informed " and tame commentator is willing to admit; but internal, domestic fumbling and uncertainty is now a reflection, if not a consequence, of external wobbling, retreat and appeasement. On this count alone it would be unreasonable to look for any concrete results of last month's discussions in any of the doubtless numerous issues which the President and the Prime Minister considered.

I have been pondering, and I intend to preserve, for further study, a remarkably graphic presentation, in succinct and comprehensible form, of most of the great issues in contemporary international affairs. It was published in *The New York Times* on Easter Sunday; and it consisted of the familiar Mercator's projection map of the world, in which countries allied with the West were presented in bold black, the Communist bloc was hatched, and the neutrals were appropriately colourless. The ocean spaces were filled with narrow blacked-in boxes, containing short headline phrases, and connected by pointers to the regions to which they referred. The whole was headed: Twenty Major Problems Confronting the Kennedy Administration.

Taking them in order from the Far East they were: (1) Korea a divided nation, (2) Communist China's militant policy, (3) pressure on Taiwan (Formosa) by Peking, (4) the threat to S.E. Asia, (5) the danger of war over New Guinea, (6) the peril of a Communist take-over in Laos, (7) the question of the resumption of nuclear tests at Johnston Island and Christmas Island, (8) Brazil's economic instability, (9) Argentina's danger of dictatorship, (10) the Russian threat to Scandinavia, (11) Berlin, (12) discords in NATO, (13) the stalemate at Geneva over disarmament, (14) the question of U.N.'s future role in world affairs, (15) the Communist bridgehead in Cuba, (16) factional disputes in the Congo, (17) entrenched colonialists in Angola, (18) expansionist pressure in the U.S.S.R., (19) tension in the Middle East, and (20) India's disputes with China. It is a sombre reflection that Britain cannot—and would not wish to—dissociate herself from her ally over any of these issues.

The primary conclusion is surely that no single Administration, no alliance or coalition of Governments, and certainly not the United Nations, can hope, in one lifetime, to deal adequately with all these wearisome and baffling issues. At least two of them have occupied much political and diplomatic attention recently and look as if they will continue to demand, from the West, a combination of pertinacity, patience and toughness, for as far ahead as any of us can look. They are, of course, Berlin and disarmament.

Before the Prime Minister set out on his pilgrimage to Washington, the Russians were engaged in their familiar ploy of combining apparent softness and a desire to conciliate over one issue with maximum toughness on the other. As politicians and diplomatists in the late nineteenth century learned that they had to accustom themselves to living with " the Balkan problem " (until in 1914 it blew up finally and terribly in their faces), so their successors in our time have had to learn to live with these two issues and with the Russians' manipulation of them, always with the intention of securing yet one more advantage. It was interesting therefore and far from unexpected, that Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, should, immediately after Easter, take a very firm, fierce line over the West's resumption of nuclear testing—with the grim bang over the Pacific for which much-publicised and protracted preparations were being made—and at the same time be tentatively encouraging over Berlin.

It was also to be expected that the American attitude would be reciprocal. The United States and the U.S.S.R. are engaged in a perpetual ritual dance, consisting of two steps forward, two steps to the side, two steps back, two steps forward . . . and so on, to a melancholy but not a despairing tune. The events of last week were a classic example of this ponderous and formidable *pas de deux*. While—surely not without irony—Mr. Gromyko was telling the Supreme Soviet that the United States were ready to declare their respect for East German sovereignty in return for an agreement on access to West Berlin, and that an understanding had been reached in principle on the need for a non-aggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw Treaty organisation, Mr. Kennedy was preparing to sign the order authorising the resumption of nuclear testing in the atmosphere.

There was no desire on the part of the West, said the well-informed folk in Washington, to continue testing indefinitely. But, as Mr. Gromyko was stating simultaneously and quite unequivocally, if the West were to carry out any new tests—even underground—the Soviet Union would have to reply with " tests of new types of weapons which may be required for its security."

We—or rather our elected leaders and their military and scientific advisers—are entering, therefore, a new era in which the thermonuclear armoury is likely to take on new shapes: all the talk is already not merely of I.C.B.M.'s, but of anti-missile-missiles (A.I.C.B.M.'s) and, beyond these tremendous toys, of the counter-weapons to the defence they would provide—in other words (and *what* words!), of the anti-anti-missile-missile. Frankly, as one who has spent and must still spend, as an historian, a good deal of time and thought pondering the strategic and tactical theory and practice of World War II, I confess that the vocabulary of a possible World War III is beyond not only my liking but my understanding; and if I am jarred by the jargon used to describe portentous prospects of armament, I am just as baffled by the jargon of disarmament. There is a difference, I realise, between " mandatory " and " invitational " inspection—no, that is the wrong word now—*verification*; and it was big enough to precipitate a crisis at Geneva.

Yet it may be of some significance that all of us in the West—the public as well as politicians—are becoming able to treat these crises at Geneva, these flashpoint excitements over Berlin and all the rest of the apparatus of the cold war with a sense of proportion, and with (as Mr. Gromyko might say but doesn't) " some realism." The practical expression of that attitude is summed up concisely in a description of the West's new negotiating and diplomatic technique, invented—I think—by Mr. Max Frankel, to which I am delighted to give further currency: Ambidextrous ambiguity. Let us keep our weapons in good repair, and our diplomacy gracefully ambiguous.

Lieut.-Colonel A. A. F. Dos Santos, the new Governor of Macao, inspects some of his troops in the tiny Portuguese territory on the Chinese coast

Portuguese troops captured when India went into Goa wait in their repatriation camp

PORTUGUESE IN ASIA

Macao, situated on a peninsula at the mouth of the Canton River, is a Portuguese province, only six miles in area, threateningly overlooked by Communist China. It has a population of about 200,000 of many races and a garrison of 5,000. Portugal holds the territory by a treaty with China signed in 1887. Macao, with its fine harbour and its once notorious reputation as a gambling hell, still bases its economy on the transit of goods and people. The goods are of many kinds, but the people are today mainly refugees from Communist China. They come in junks and sampans. Many of them do not escape the Chinese river-boat patrols, but it is estimated several hundreds get through a month. And recently, with the prolonged famine in China, the rate has gone up.

Meanwhile, in Goa, it is the Portuguese who are in transit. In December of last year, Indian troops entered the territory on the Indian coast which had been under Portuguese rule since 1505. The Portuguese garrison were placed in a camp at Vasco da Gama. They were due to be shipped home from Karachi some time this month.

b

Lord Carrington, First Lord of the Admiralty, is shown the view from the tower by Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lawrence

Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, uses one of the panoramic photographs which explain the view from the twenty-seventh floor of the new Empress State Building, in Earls Court, London, which is to be occupied by the Admiralty this month. This £2,500,000 building, which took over two years to build, was completed last month. It is 330 ft. high, and has a floor area of 350,000 sq. ft. Each of the tower's three sides is concave. The builders were Walter Lawrence and Son Ltd., and the architects were Stone, Toms & Partners. Mr. Guy Lawrence, the chairman of Walter Lawrence and Son Ltd., said at the reception given to mark the completion of the building, " Much of the information obtained from this building, the first of its type in Britain, has been utilised in the design of other high buildings now under construction or still on the drawing-board." **Right:** Admiral and Mrs. Gretton talk to their hosts

(Photographs by Desmond O'Neill)

Major-general and Mrs. Ritchie study the view

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sargent. Mr. Sargent is the chief architect of the Empress State Building

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

WORRIED, BUT WHY SURPRISED? I can understand that the Tory chiefs should be worried at the downward trend of their popularity in recent by-elections, but not that they should be surprised at it. If they read history they must know two bitter truths: 1. After a long spell of power, reaction against the Government is invariable in by-elections; 2. Governments are judged on results, however sticky be the wicket they bat on. The Tories " public relations " have these last years been lamentably inefficient. It is not only fair play that the good they have achieved in a decade of power should be advertised. It is plain common sense widely to advertise it. And that they have not done. With a Press (largely on their side) to which good news is no news and bad news invariably head-line news, they can hardly be surprised if Conservative men-in-the-street, who do not appreciate the Government's difficulties, find much more failure than success in their long reign. The Cold War as cold as ever, disarmament and test banning as far off as ever, the balance of payments still unsatisfactory, taxation not materially reduced, prices of necessities continually and insidiously rising, and discord between employers and employees that results in continuous strikes and pay demands which scoff at the rule of authority and plain common sense. I agree with many others that the chief causes of bitter disappointment by would-be supporters include the short-sighted launching of the pay pause on the heels of big concessions to the higher income groups, so that the demand for sacrifices on a national basis seemed bogus from the start, and the recurrence of economic crises after years of opportunity for sound planning. If the Government had been a little less complacent, all of these causes for reaction would seem more venial than venal today. Complacency and over-confidence have brought the Tories down suddenly with a bump. Perhaps there is just time for a rebound if the Cabinet recognises bitter truths and historical precedents.

GLORIOUS ANNIVERSARY. St. George's Day is a glorious national anniversary. With certainty we can say it commemorates the blocking of Zeebrugge harbour in 1918. With no certainty, we have for centuries allotted that day to the birth of Shakespeare. All we *know* is that he was born a few days before his baptism on April 26, 1564. It is picturesque to accept April 23 as his birthday because he certainly died on April 23, 1616. What's in a day? That little uncertainty will not interfere with the magnitude of our celebrations of his quater-centenary two years hence. We know so very, very little about this gigantic Englishman that almost any date will serve to commemorate him, so long as we observe it every year. And April 23 can be, and sometimes is, " the sweet of the year."

> When daisies pied and violets blue
> And lady-smocks all silver-white
> And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight.

Most of us think those four short lines perfectly express the enchantment of spring on an ideal April day. But the last line was " unpleasing to the prosy ear " of the egregious eighteenth century Bishop Warburton who " improved " it to read " Do paint the meadows, *much be-dight* "! The fact that he also annotated Pope seems to justify Wilkes' guying of him in the " Essay on Woman." We may sometimes have colder Aprils than our eighteenth-century ancestors (and last winter stayed with us until a marvellously springlike Easter Day), but we appreciate the poetry of April better than they did.

The Duke of Edinburgh watches a rugby match after opening the sports pavilion of Windsor Rugby Football Club and Windsor and Eton Cricket Club in Windsor Home Park

"BORN IN A GARRET, CROWNED IN THE SALE-ROOM." I take it that in the collection sold by Mr. Somerset Maugham for £500,000 there were paintings executed quickly "for (as they say) the price of a drink and a square meal." No doubt, genius flourishes better in a garret than among the fleshpots. But "genius" is not always pinned down for eternity. Gainsboroughs have been skied to find room for Winterhalters (and Winterhalter admittedly had merit). So the buyers of pictures (once neglected) at ever more fantastic prices take some risk in their investments. True, these masterpieces are not worth stealing; thieves realise they are too well known for profitable disposal. Some, I suppose, are worth buying for a king's ransom for the sheer joy of owning and looking at them. More are "worth the money" as a means of dodging death duties, and keeping something highly marketable out of Mr. Bloodsucker's hands to benefit one's heirs.

TASTE IN THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. Where, I think, our affluent society goes wrong is in judging the merit of paintings, silver plate and other crafts by the prices such works obtain at auctions. Our affluent society is not remarkable for the excellence of its own contemporary taste and is perhaps no sure critic of merit in art. It is ready to squander its surplus money to buy envy of its neighbours and will pay recklessly uneconomic prices to diddle Mr. Bloodsucker of a percentage of his demands. The price it pays is thereafter the only criterion of the merit of the article selected. The æsthetic value of the work is only incidental. That fact makes art and taste all too vulnerable to economic upheavals. It brands them, with success and failure, as impostors.

LITTER—A NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN. A number of eminent people have appealed for a nation-wide campaign against litter—"Keep our roadsides tidy." By local propaganda, by constant education in schools, by schemes of clearance of last year's litter (most of it indestructible; bottles, tins and polythene packaging), by prosecution under the Litter act and so on. Alas! It is not the road verges only. *Come to the New Forest.* Acres and acres of it, well away from roads, are permanent litter dumps which every fine weekend increases. By all means pursue these worthy deterrents. But they won't succeed. Nothing will succeed in the forests, commons and "preserved" open spaces until the authorities (Forestry, Verderers, National Trust, local authorities) possess an adequate staff of full-time wardens armed with full powers to institute prosecutions and assured of lay Benches who do not regard such prosecutions as busybody interference with "freedom," and until the existing regulations governing the right and limits of car-drivers to draw off the roads are enforced. There is not one cigarette-smoker in 100 who does not automatically throw down his carton or one child in 1,000 who does not drop his sweet packaging on the ground. There is not one in ten picnickers who does not abandon his surplus meal *in situ.* And those campers who *do* bury a week's scrap, do so in shallow graves which dogs and foxes unearth and rescatter. Come and inspect the nation's "unique pleasure ground" especially on the site of this spring's heather burning—and come again after Whitsun's bank holiday and inspect the Forest cricket grounds. A decade of gentle propaganda will not alleviate this disgusting problem of litter.

THE OLD STAGER

The trident ensign of the Finnish Navy is hoisted during the handing-over at Plymouth of the former British naval frigate *Porlock Bay* by Admiral Sir Charles Madden, the Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, to the Finnish Ambassador, Mr. Tuominen. Renamed *Matti Kurki*, the frigate is to join the Finnish Navy as a training ship

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW: In the final banquet scene, a radiant Katharina (Vanessa Redgrave) kneels with Petruchio (Derek Godfrey). Others, from left, are Vincentio (Michael Murrey); Biondello (Barry MacGregor); Tranio (Ian Richardson); Gremio (Ian Holm); Pedant (Edmond Bennett); Bianca (Diana Rigg) and Lucentio (Peter Jeffrey)

The shrewish Katharina is pinned down by Petruchio

Bianca (Diana Rigg) with Hortensio (Bill Travers) and Lucentio (Peter Jeffrey)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE: Vincentio the Duke (Tom Fleming); Claudio (Ian Holm) and Isabella (Judi Dench). **Below right:** Angelo (Marius Goring) and Isabella

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: Titania, the Queen of the Fairies (Judi Dench) and a Fairy (Nerys Hughes)

ENTERTAINMENT

STRATFORD IN TRIUMPH

The first three plays of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre's 1962 season

Now running in repertory at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre are the first three of the half-dozen plays of the season. Judging by the enthusiasm which has already been accorded *Measure for Measure*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, it looks like being a memorable year at Stratford. First came *Measure for Measure* in a new production by John Blatchley. Strikingly set on a virtually bare stage against a bleak city wall, Shakespeare's sombre comedy of the workings of justice is acted with a much-to-be-praised clarity and detailed understanding.

It was once much the fashion to view Shakespeare's comedies in a piece-meal fashion, to seek a formal structure in a balance of different, contrasting worlds. Nowadays there is a movement towards finding an overall concept of production embodying the organic structure of the plays. This is notable in both Stratford's *Dream* and *Shrew*. The first is a revival of Peter Hall's 1959 production, extensively re-cast. If anything, the revival has clarified the guiding notions of the production, particularly as the excessively romping lovers have been toned down. First, the play is conceived as the hymeneal celebration it originally was, staged in the great hall of a Tudor mansion. Secondly, the evanescent, sharp flavour of the fairy world pervades the worlds of rustics and lovers, with the result that the comedy gains in cumulative strength.

Third of the plays comes *The Shrew*, a revival of the production starring Vanessa Redgrave and Derek Godfrey which ran so successfully at the Aldwych, in London. Seen throughout as an entertainment by strolling actors for the tinker Christopher Sly, the farce magically becomes likeable.

The play of Pyramus and Thisbe—Bottom (Paul Hardwick); Snout (Bill Travers); Flute (Ian Hewitson); and, extreme right, Quince (Tony Church). Left is Theseus (Tony Steedman). **Below:** Oberon (Ian Richardson); Lysander (Brian Murray); Hermia (Patricia Brake); Demetrius (Barry MacGregor) and Helena (Diana Rigg)

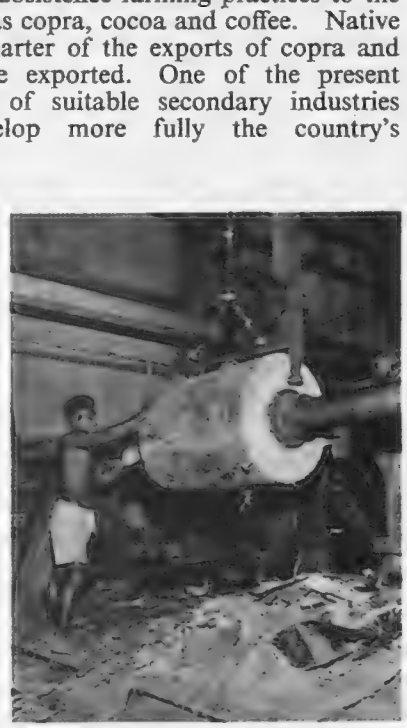
THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

AUSTRALIA

Development in the territory of Papua-New Guinea

Australia's Minister for Territories, Mr. P. Hasluck, after a recent tour of the Australian-administered Territory of Papua-New Guinea, said that he would encourage investment in the Territory with confidence. Australia's record in this 183,000-square-mile tropical region during the last decade has been one of great material achievement. Years of patient effort are now yielding results apparent in the spread throughout the Territory of hospitals and medical facilities and more and better schools; in the improvement of the quality and supply of food; in the numbers of native people being trained to earn sufficient to maintain higher living standards; in the Legislative Council for the Territory where the native people themselves are now represented by twelve of their own members; and in the Territory's rapidly-expanding export trade.

Australia's policy of developing the Territory's resources in close partnership with the native peoples has brought about for some of them a transition from traditional subsistence farming practices to the production, for cash, of such crops as copra, cocoa and coffee. Native growers now produce about one-quarter of the exports of copra and cocoa and one-third of all coffee exported. One of the present requirements is the establishment of suitable secondary industries in the Territory, to help develop more fully the country's resources. Agricultural production is predominant in the economic life of the people of Papua and New Guinea. As well as being responsible for a large proportion of the Territory's export income, it provides food for the majority of the native people.



In the plywood mill at Bulolo

There are three main forms of agriculture. Subsistence farming is based on bush and grassland fallowing and the production of root crops as a staple, supplemented by such minor crops as sago, maize, beans and various types of fruit and vegetables. Dual-purpose crops, like rice and peanuts, are produced, serving both as supplementary foods and cash crops. The surpluses of such crops as sweet potatoes, taros, yams, bananas are also sold. Plantation production of tree crops, mainly coconuts, cocoa, rubber and coffee, is almost exclusively for export.

Secondary industries already established range from the small village industry with roots in the traditional crafts and skills of the native peoples to the large and completely up-to-date plywood factory at Bulolo, utilising heavy machinery. Existing manufacturing industries which are processing local raw materials are the production of copra, the curing of coffee, the fermenting of cocoa, and the extraction of fruit pulp and fruit juice. A copra crushing mill with an annual capacity to process 60,000 tons is in operation at Rabaul extracting coconut oil and copra meal, and a plywood factory opened at Bulolo in 1954.

During 1959-60 there were 142 factories in the Territory, an increase of twelve over the previous year. The value of their finished products, before distribution and selling, was over £A9,000,000, an increase of 18 per cent. on the previous year's output. During 1959-60 over 4,000 workers were employed in factories, of whom about 3,200 were native.

To develop secondary industries for export requires major local advantages, such as access to raw materials, labour and power. These are becoming available in increasing quantities. The urgent need is for substantial investment and managerial and technical skill to weld these assets and produce goods and services. Conscious of the Territory's needs, the Government has already given encouragement to the establishment of secondary industry in various ways, such as by tariff concessions on plant and raw materials imported, by tariff protection of the finished product and by low rates of taxation.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Threshing peanuts on a European-owned plantation near Port Moresby in Papua

GHANA

"World Without Bomb" Assembly to be held in Accra

One hundred well-known personalities from all parts of the world are expected to attend the "World Without Bomb" Assembly in Accra on June 21-28. This has been announced at a news conference by the Minister of Defence, Mr. Kofi Baako.

The chairman of the Preparatory Committee, Mr. E. C. Quaye, said the Assembly was not intended to duplicate the work of the Geneva Disarmament Conference, nor as a protest meeting against atomic warfare. It was meant to suggest plans for disarmament.

Ten experts from the United States and a similar number from the Soviet Union are being invited to attend the assembly.

Mr. Quaye went on to say that these experts will not necessarily be invited as Government representatives, but as people who can talk with authority on their Governments' policies on disarmament. The Ghana Government has voted £50,000 for the conference but organisations and individuals are expected to contribute.

Mr. Braine, Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Commonwealth Relations Office, shows other M.P.s photographs of the Royal Tour of India at the House of Commons Library in London. The display has been given by the Queen to the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta

WEALTH

BOOK REVIEW

Miss Perham's Reith Lectures in book form

In spite of the current proliferation of " experts " on Africa, there are still few better qualified to comment than Miss Margery Perham. The biographer of Lord Lugard, and member of many committees and commissions, she has travelled widely in Africa and attended the travail of many of the new nations. Her conclusions after thirty years of study and personal experience of Africa were distilled last year into six Reith lectures, now published as THE COLONIAL RECKONING (Collins. 13s. 6d.), a pocket-sized Gibbon of the British Empire's decline and fall.

Although deeply involved in Africa (she felt an " almost physical shock " on seeing the Union Jack come down over Lagos racecourse on the occasion of Nigerian independence), she achieves a remarkably dispassionate view of the whole controversial business of withdrawal from Empire. Indeed, her assessment of " the colonial account " is so immaculately fair to all concerned that it has already been used as a sort of all-purpose oracle from which every point of view can quote justification of their attitudes. Those who have shaken their heads at the shedding of our imperial robes will find themselves proved right by her gently pessimistic concluding assessment; on the other hand she says: " in spite of all the difficulties and disappointments which have accompanied recent enterprises of the United Nations I still most firmly believe that our greatest contribution would be to put all our strength and experience behind the international organs in which alone lie the possibility of peace and mutual help." Miss Perham is sad to see our power go, but it has happened, and therefore, she implies, let there be no carping at the U.N. She adds that the younger generation are more likely to be able to make the adjustment from national power to international service than an older generation brought up on the Pax Britannica and half the map of the world coloured red.

So many of her points are relevant that it is hard to choose the most important. What comes across with urgency is the intense feeling behind nationalism. As well as citing several African examples (and Africa is what she is primarily concerned with), she mentions the " moderate and all-comprehending " Indian writer Nirad Chaudhuri, who " relates how, as he sat in the gallery at the opera in Calcutta looking down at the well-dressed English audience in the stalls, he was seized with such a ferocity of hate that he longed to drop a bomb and kill them all. He adds that there could be no redemption for India until it could escape from the ' snake's fangs ' of such hatred."

Miss Perham's own reckoning, after much frank examination, is that " Britain on the whole was the most humane and considerate of modern colonial nations and did most to prepare her subjects for self-government." However, one thing should not be forgotten, that once the white man had entered Africa, once his modern rifle had reached Africa, the choice was between rule and anarchy. She quotes tellingly Hilaire Belloc's ironic couplet:

Whatever happens we have got
The Maxim gun and they have not.

In terms of crude power, the colonial period had to happen. One last pertinent quote which Miss Perham uses is from Albert Schweitzer: " the independence of the primitive is lost at the moment when the first white man's boat arrives with powder or rum, salt or fabrics."

The mail boat *M. I. Okpara* goes down the slipway at the shipyard of Aldous Successors Limited, at Brightlingsea, in Essex. She was launched last week by Mrs. C. Achara, wife of the Agent-General for Eastern Nigeria

Mr. T. L. MacDonald (left), High Commissioner for New Zealand in London, and Sir Eric Harrison the Australian High Commissioner (right foreground) stand with wreaths at the Cenotaph in Whitehall on Anzac Day, the anniversary of the landing of troops of the Australia and New Zealand Army Corps in Gallipoli in 1915. After the wreath-laying an Anzac Day service was held in Westminster Abbey. The service was conducted by the Very Rev. Martin Sullivan, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, London, formerly Dean of Christchurch in New Zealand

A finalist in the archery competition in a sports day held to mark the coming of spring at Godoi, a village near Ulan Bator, capital of Outer Mongolia

MONGOLIA—AT WORK AND PLAY

Outer Mongolia, Russia's Far Eastern satellite, is a remote and vast territory. Much of it has never been properly mapped. Ulan Bator, the capital, is one of the few places with a modern look, having a number of factories. Even here in their recreation the people follow centuries-old traditions. Sports days of the type held at Godoi can also be seen in the capital. On these occasions bows and arrows similar to those used by the hordes of Genghis Khan are brought out for archery contests. The competitors shoot at targets 100 yards away. Another popular sport is wrestling. The contestants wear coloured waistcoats and jack-boots. Pony races are sure to be on the programme and often there will be a fair close to the sports field, with numerous side-shows. Refreshments of cakes are consumed and washed down with mare's milk. Despite the coming of Communism and the machine age, Time still seems to move very slowly in Outer Mongolia.

A woman supervises one of the British-made machines in a textile factory in Ulan Bator

Another view of the British machines in the factory

Arriving by pony at Godoi. One rider carries his team's banner

Cars are parked outside the traditional circular tent dwellings in the village

Watched by the referee, two Outer Mongolians engage in a wrestling bout. Jackboots are customary wear in these contests

A soldier prepares to show his skill with the lasso

Women and children sit under parasols to watch the sports

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DEATHLESS LEAMINGTON

One of Mr. John Betjeman's poems is entitled "Death in Leamington." It is one of his earlier poems and somewhere I have read that, technically, it cannot compare with his later work. Be that as it may, it is certainly one of the poems with which his name will always be associated, one of those poems that stick in the mind. If you are, as I am, a Betjeman addict, you will remember the first verse:

She died in the upstairs bedroom
By the light of the ev'ning star
That shone through the plate glass window
From over Leamington Spa.

In another book (which I had the honour of editing) the author, Alan Burgess, begins his chapter on Leamington in this blunt fashion: "They come to Leamington to die. Like Cheltenham and Bath and Eastbourne, it is one of those sleepy, graceful backwaters for the retired, the weary, and the infirm. Like ageing elephants, in clubs and hotels, in bars and baths, the silver-grey, the bent, these remnants of the stern Victorian and the gay Edwardian eras forgather to dream and exchange reminiscences."

When you read a poem like Betjeman's, which, technically perfect or not, you cannot forget, and when you read a man like Alan Burgess, a detached and shrewd observer and a Warwickshire man to boot, you cannot help but form a picture of the place in your mind. I know that I did. I could not say exactly what the picture was, indeed it was never so much a picture as a vivid impression, but I suppose that it could be summed up roughly as "Death in Leamington"—a mental picture of a quiet, tired, rather sad town with, since it is a spa, dignified Regency architecture.

And neither of my previous visits did anything to dispel that impression. They could not; for both were fleeting visits to address large conferences of country-women, bursting with energy and home-made marmalade. On neither occasion did I really see Leamington. I saw the villages, the women of the villages, of Warwickshire in Leamington for the day. I do not know if you have ever addressed a large conference of country-women in town for the day and determined to enjoy themselves? It is a wonderful, and rewarding, experience. And when, rather tired, you finally leave the hall, everything outside seems very quiet. Of course, I did get a glimpse of dignified Regency architecture, but, if anything, those two visits, so far from dispelling the mental impression I had formed, heightened it.

But now I have spent a little time in Leamington. I had to spend a few days in Warwickshire and, since I knew both Warwick and Stratford, Leamington seemed as good a centre as any. And it is a remarkably good centre for exploring what has been described as "the green heart of England." Warwick is only a couple of miles away. (I am not sure that there is now any definite separation.) Kenilworth only five, Coventry but nine and Stratford but ten. I suppose that this could truly be called the heart of England, though it is no longer as green as once it was. Some Leamington people will go further and claim that their town is the very centre of England. There is an oak tree, said to be nearly 1,000 years old, which marks the exact centre. I doubt the age of the tree and I doubt the validity of the claim.

Leamington was originally, I understand, known as Leamington Priors. It is, as a town, only a little over 150 years old. The mineral springs (saline, sulphurous and chalybeate) were known at the end of the sixteenth century, but the first bath was not opened until 1786. The population of the place at that time was about 300. But Leamington was fortunate in having a local practitioner, a Dr. Jephson, who combined a soothing bedside manner with the qualities of a modern high-pressure salesman. In no time at all London society was taking the waters at Leamington.

Architecturally, this came at just the right time. Royal Leamington Spa is beautifully and spaciously planned and has some perfect examples of Regency and early Victorian building. The "Royal" was granted by Queen Victoria in 1838. No town in England can match the wrought-iron balconies of Leamington and few towns have main shopping-streets to match Leamington's Parade for beauty of design. Leamington's Parade, indeed, is famous over a wide area. People come to Leamington not only to die but also to shop.

Walking around Leamington in the daytime, and keeping away from the shopping area, can be misleading. It is all very quiet and sedate, and the few people you do see are elderly: the men with that indefinable stamp, that set of shoulder, which suggests India and Empire; the women with a dignity in keeping and memories of distant hill-stations in their faded eyes. Betjeman's poem was very much in my mind that morning. But if you go to the Baths, you very soon realise that people do not come to Leamington to die: they come to be cured, and most of them are convinced that they will be. I think that these are the most cheerful spa baths that I have visited. It is not surprising that, each year, more and more people "take the waters."

In fact, there is nothing sad about Leamington. No longer is it "one of those sleepy, graceful backwaters for the retired, the weary, and the infirm." One of the worst things about "spa-dom" was that everyone was in the same boat—with dwindling means, poignant memories of the good old days, and increasing infirmity. The very atmosphere, even the quiet little orchestras in the Pump Rooms, militated against recovery. But spa-dom has ceased to exist. Cheltenham is now a big industrial town, Bath a town of many activities. And Leamington?

Leamington, in addition to its industries, is now a dormitory town for Coventry and Birmingham. It is a busy, prosperous, smiling town, looking outward. It must be very, very difficult to be introspective, to enjoy ill-health here. And I doubt if it is any longer a retirement town. Of course, there is a retired population, the rearguard of times past. But now, surely, few people can retire to Leamington. Few can afford to do so, for the competition for dwelling-space from people, earning big money working in Birmingham or Coventry and wishing to live in a graceful and dignified, and easily accessible, town, must inevitable put prices up. Once men and women worked in distant places and dreamed of retiring to Leamington. Now most of the population of Leamington works close by, and dreams of retiring to Weston-super-Mare or Torquay.

Two scenes of the Cambridge Arctic Canada Expedition in 1961—loading Eskimo whalers for the first stage of the voyage up North Pangnirtung Fiord after the ice melted. **Right:** Two members of the expedition, Terence Goodfellow and Bill Barlow, construct part of a twin-hulled raft so that the expedition can cross a glacial lake

Members of the expedition engaged in the task of carrying stores and equipment to the base camp, a distance of thirty miles

Bill Barlow negotiates a glacial torrent

Dawn breaks on Mount Asgard, the peak towering over the tents of the expedition

LONG VAC. ON BAFFIN ISLAND

By **GRAEME BONHAM-CARTER**

The author was a member of a six-man expedition to climb mountains on Cumberland Peninsula, Baffin Island, in the Canadian Arctic. The others were Robert Langford, Terence Goodfellow, Tony Crofts, Bill Barlow and John Dale. Sir John Hunt was the expedition's patron, and financial support came primarily from the Mount Everest Foundation.

The early part of last summer's expedition seemed fraught with delays. We waited in Montreal for the flight north to Baffin Island. We waited for a week at Cape Dyer radar base, while the aeroplane was being repaired. We were held up for five days at Broughton Island, waiting for the sea-ice to melt. The summer season is very short in the Arctic, so we were impatient to reach the mountains before bad weather set in.

Seal hunting by dog team provided novel entertainment at Broughton Island. We also joined in an Eskimo party where we danced some delightfully bizarre reels, originally learnt from early missionaries. Howling huskies and the beautiful midnight sun kept us late from our sleeping bags, so that when the ice finally did clear we were late in setting out in the hired Eskimo boats.

It was difficult to assimilate the sudden wealth of new experiences; we were almost bemused into thinking that it was really a *de luxe* summer holiday. Reality returned with a jolt when we were unloaded at the head of the North Pangnirtung Fiord, and the Eskimos had disappeared back to Broughton Island. Seventy miles and seven weeks separated us from our rendezvous with a police boat from Pangnirtung, a settlement on the other side of the pass.

Our route lay up the two-mile-wide Owl Valley, its U-shape indicating that it had been scoured by a vast glacier. This had long since melted, leaving piles of outwash gravel and a fierce river in the middle, fed by torrents of silt-laden water from numerous side glaciers. When the sun was directly overhead, the rapidly-melting ice would swell these streams making them a considerable hazard for top-heavy load-carriers. We slogged along under immense packs, the straps biting into our shoulders and sweat pouring off us in the warm weather.

Mosquitoes bred in millions—big enough to bite through two pairs of socks. After the insect repellant ran out, great self-control was required. As we were continually sloshing through bogs and rivers, dry feet were a rarity. Blisters, tiredness and depression affected us all.

These initial troubles had their antidotes. Our squelching steps gradually generated more rhythm as our bodies grew fitter. We even derived masochistic pleasure from the punishing marches. The scenery was magnificent; there were banks of flowers, breathtaking sunsets and impressive ice-scraped cliffs along the valley sides. The whole area seemed to belong to us, the only other claimants being Arctic foxes, lemmings and snow buntings.

Dominating the first stretch of the pass lay Mount Fleming, named by the only previous expedition to the area in 1953, but unclimbed. It

(*Continued on following page*)

Resting 3,000 ft. below the summit spire of Mount Midgard

(*Continued from previous page*)

came as a great morale-booster to climb this mountain, after a fortnight of heavy work. The snow was rather soft, but the rock sound. From the top we had a view of majestic road-like glaciers and ice-free valleys glistening with a mesh of rivulets. We felt like Moses looking at the Promised Land.

Next day we climbed a curious obelisk-shaped peak, its final spire projecting 400 ft. above a subsidiary snow summit; we named it Mount Midgard, footstool of the Nordic Gods. A fantastic panorama of mountains stretched away to the west across the far side of the valley. The jagged ridges and overhanging rock walls were reminiscent of the Alps, but they lacked the comforting green valleys and trees of Switzerland and Austria. Our feelings were both exuberant and impatient as we returned to the load-carrying.

Scientific commitments, including work for the Medical Research Council, glaciology and geology, were dovetailed with climbing and moving stores. Time was precious. Yet the occasional and very necessary rest days were bliss. We sat about smoking, mending and washing clothes, talking and drinking interminable cups of coffee in that tired glow of well-being that only comes from hard physical exertion.

In order to reach some of the most attractive peaks, we had to cross a wide channel between two glacial lakes. After an abortive attempt at wading, we built a twin-hulled raft from packing cases. The maiden voyage was a slightly anxious affair, but soon a fixed rope across the gap ensured a safe shuttle service. A day or so later saw us camped on a glacier that we called King's Parade because of the impressive, tower-like mountains that rose on either side.

The season was now well-advanced, although it was only August 20. Almost daily, snow was beginning to make climbing slow and sometimes dangerous. Luckily the weather held good for an enjoyable ascent of Mount Friga, Queen of the Nordic Gods. The most experienced four climbers were not so fortunate on Mount Asgard, a very hard rock climb even in good conditions, previously ascended in 1953 by a Swiss party. After a desperate attempt in very bad weather, they were forced to retreat when only 400 ft. from the summit. Similar snow conditions thwarted an attempt on another peak two days later.

It was frustrating to be beaten by the weather, but clearly the climbing season was over. The weather was worsening daily. We returned to the valley to complete scientific work and prepare for the long trek out.

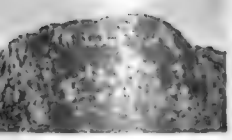
The climax seemed past. Only a strenuous trudge lay ahead. We began to think of hot baths and fresh bread. But despite the tedium of 120 lb. on our backs, each day brought fresh surprises and new scenery as the valley twisted round corners. A tooth-shaped mountain, Forkbeard Glacier, Eskimo remains, caribou horns and quicksands are outstanding memories of that journey. When after six days we reached the fiord and were met by the police cutter, we all felt that someday we must return to Baffin Island.

Terence Goodfellow ascends a steep snow gully on Mount Asgard. **Below right:** Tony Crofts belays Terence Goodfellow

From the summit of Mount Midgard, 5,800 ft. up, can be obtained a view of the mountains and

Preparing to strike camp during a blizzard

Members of the expedition pass twin rocks named Ozymandias—" two vast and trunkless legs of stone "



leys stretching away below

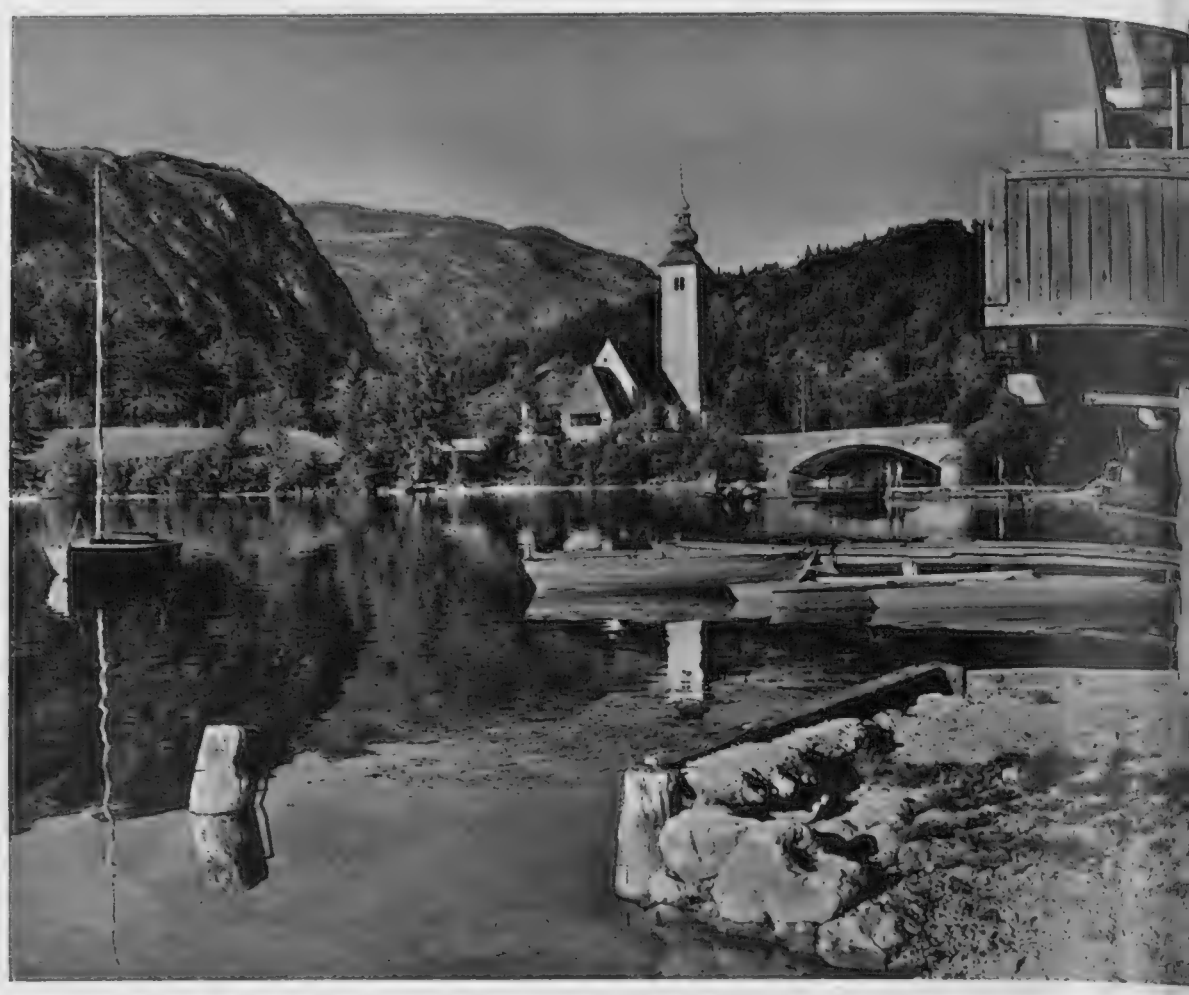
LONG VAC. ON BAFFIN ISLAND

The expedition returns down the South Pangnirtung Valley

TRAVEL

LAKESIDE RESORTS OF EUROPE

By **GORDON COOPER**



The church at the east end of Lake Bohinj in Yugoslavia

Not every holidaymaker wants to laze on a beach, gamble in a casino, or to explore the art cities of Europe. For those who find no attraction in these pleasures, there is the alternative of a lakeside holiday. It can bring lasting memories, for often you have an inspiring background of mighty mountains, while at the same time there is the restful and insidious charm of looking out over the water. If there are nearby woods, the attraction is greatly increased. In many cases there are good opportunities for water sports and for excursions by ship.

It is quite impossible to deal with the tens of thousands of European lakes adequately in a single article; Finland alone has 60,000 of them, but I will be writing of these in three weeks' time. So, I will be selective and confine myself to describing my own particular favourites.

This is not easy in the case of Austria which has so many lovely lakes, especially in the Salzkammergut and Carinthia. I suppose that as on several occasions I have returned to Poertschach, the second largest resort on the Woerthersee. It must be a favourite. I am certainly always most content there; it is charmingly situated on a flat peninsula and has a pleasant lakeside parade. From it, excursions can easily be made to Maria Woerth and Velden, both on this lake, as well as to other Carinthian lakes and towns of interest, such as Klagenfurt, Friesach (moated walled town) and Gurk (outstanding cathedral). Elsewhere in this Austrian province I would recommend the Faakersee, the Weissensee, the Millstaettersee and the Ossiachersee—all off the beaten track but with good accommodation available.

In the case of the Salzkammergut I think that Hallstatt on the fjord-like Hallstaettersee would be my first choice. It lies pinched in between the mountainside and the lake, with its houses built on terraces. Within easy reach is that lofty world of hidden ice, called Dachsteinhoehlen—a fascinating cavern, with twenty miles of ice-chambers and corridors.

In Switzerland I have no hesitation whatsoever in favouring Lugano as my " best " lake. I know that in summer it gets over-run with group tourists from every part of the world, but even the milling crowds—from whom it is fairly easy to escape—cannot destroy the overwhelming charm of this resort lying beside its lovely lake. It is also, incidentally, a good excursion centre, and there is a wide range of hotels. Again, in the lovely Engadine Valley, I think that St. Moritz, with its blend of mountain and lake, is hard to beat.

No Italian lake offers greater scenic variety than Como; but my choice is Garda, where Sirmione, clinging to a narrow promontory at the southern end, is a delightful place. So, too, is Fasano (near Gardone Riviera), where I like very much the lakeside Hotel Bella Riva. While for the best scenic effects you must try one of the smaller resorts along the east bank.

For the true escapist, but not I think for anyone else, there is Isola Maggiore on Lake Trasimeno. It was here that St. Francis spent his forty days in the " wilderness." There are a couple of inexpensive, simple hotels in which to lodge. Anyone interested should write to Bartocci Aristide, Isola Maggiore sul Lago, Trasimeno, Perugia.

In France, my first choice is the Lake of Annecy and town of the same name. Around its shores are some delightful resorts, including that gastronomic centre, the well-starred (Michelin) village of Talloires. Annecy itself is a lively old town whose arcaded streets and wide waterfronts are full of holidaymakers on their way to go swimming, boating, hiking or mountain-climbing. It is a recommended base for exploring Savoy, with its high mountains, lovely lakes and romantic associations, closely resembling its neighbour Switzerland. I would also wish to mention Evian-les-Bains, if only because I found there a most delightful hotel on its outskirts: La Verniaz et ses chalets, which provides, in a rustic setting, a glorious view as well as outstanding food and wines.

Outside of Savoy, I think of the lakes in the neighbouring Jura: Nantua, Bonlieu set amid a region of lakes, the largest of which is Chalain, also the most beautiful, and the Lake of Chaillexon. Then, in the Auvergne (the *Massif Central*) there are several lakes, almost unknown to Britons, with the additional attraction of outstanding romanesque churches and historic chateaux. Among these small lakes, my recommendation would be Chambon, where at Murol there are some pleasant hotels. And if you are in this part of the centre of France, make a call at L'Ajasserie d'Orcival (Orcival), where I enjoyed one of the outstanding meals of my life; in this village, too, there is a very fine church.

In Germany, my own favourite lake is Schliersee, with resort of the same name. Lying amidst the Bavarian Alps, this spot is surrounded by beautiful mountains, a goal for many climbers. But you can equally well laze. The small town itself is delightful and typically Bavarian. The Kurhotel Schliersbergalm is superbly situated overlooking the lake and can be recommended for a peaceful holiday. My own preference, however, is for a private home (bed and breakfast) and eating out at the Ratskeller where the food is excellent.

In Norway, for lovely scenery and an excellent and friendly mountain hotel, I like Bolkesjö in Telemark province, perched above a string of lakes.

My last mention in this potted account of lakeside resorts is of Lake Bohinj in Slovenia (Yugoslavia). It is more beautiful, in my opinion, than the better-known Lake Bled—which is not far distant. The mountains of the Julian Alps enclose it on three sides, on the north shore falling nearly sheer to the water's edge. As the area is a national park, new building is prohibited. There are a few hotels along the lakeside, and my preferences are for the Pod Voglom, the Zlatarog and Bellevue. Let me emphasise, however, that all these hotels are quite modest establishments and that there is not much to do there except to enjoy the unspoilt and natural character of the place, although Bohinj is a suitable base for setting out for a walking tour through the Julian Alps,

For further information, apply to the appropriate national tourist offices in London.

SPECIAL CHEAP AIR FARES: RESORTS

From April 1 to June 15 and during the month of October, special cheap fares are offered by B.E.A. to more than eighty holiday spots in Europe. For example, you can fly from Glasgow to Lisbon and return for £44 9s.—instead of £66 14s. London to Palermo is another bargain fare by air which will attract many early holidaymakers to Sicily; £42 14s. instead of £69 17s. is a worthwhile saving.

Antigua, that romantic island in the Caribbean, has become more easily accessible since B.O.A.C. Britannias now call at the island once a week, to and from London.

New economy fares to South Africa by air will be introduced on May 1. The return ticket from London to Cape Town will cost £255 4s. for ninety days' validity instead of £269 12s.

From May 27 there will be a twice-weekly non-stop B.O.A.C. jet liner service from San Francisco to London. The 6,200-mile journey will take 10 hours 45 minutes.

An astonishing development has taken place in recent years on the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria. New seaside resorts have been created near Varna, with brand-new hotels and excellent beach amenities. There is little to pick and choose between Drouzhba, " Golden Sands," or " Sunny Beach." This new riviera attracted thousands of visitors

CATCHING A SQUARE-LIPPED RHINOCEROS

The white or square-lipped rhinoceros is only slightly lighter in colour than the black or round-lipped rhino, but the white is a grazer rather than browser, and hence its different shaped lips. An inoffensive animal despite its fearsome appearance, the white rhino is now only found in numbers in the Umfolozi Reserve in Natal where over 500 have been preserved. Recently four were captured there and transported to the Kruger National Park in South Africa, where they have been extinct since the 1870's.

The move was the first experiment in using a new animal immobilisation drug. This was developed by Dr. A. M. Harthoorn, a physiologist from the University College of East Africa. It is injected by means of a highly ingenious dart fired from a gun powered by soda syphon sparklettes. The dart consists of an aluminium tube about 8 ins. long at the front of which is attached a stout syringe needle and at the back a flight. In the tube are two compartments containing the drug at the syringe end and an acid, sealed off by a rubber washer. On impact, a ball-bearing at the rear of the tube shoots forward to project a calcium pill into the acid. The reaction of these two pushes the rubber washer forward and the drug into the animal.

The gun has to be fired from a range of about 25 yards to be effective. This meant a long stalking operation for Ian Player, the chief game warden of the Natal Parks, Game and Fish Preservation Board. The first of the four rhinos was successfully transfixed and immediately set off through the bush and trees, pursued by two horsemen in the tracking party. After fifteen minutes, the animal sank down gently. While it was in a comatose state, the game wardens ran a rope round its hindlegs. Then an antidote was administered to induce a state of amnesia. Under this drug the rhinoceros becomes so tractable that it can be ridden. The small punctures of the dart and the subsequent injection were covered with penicillin ointment.

The next step was to get the animal into its crate. It was found that whenever the beast stopped it could be persuaded to move forward again by simply pulling its tail. For the journey a tranquilliser was administered, although this did not prevent the animal from enjoying its food en route. When all four rhinos had been captured they were taken by truck in a special convoy, equipped with two-way radio sets in case of difficulty. After an arduous but safe journey, the rhinos reached Kruger National Park. They were released into a camp, one square mile in extent, where they proved to be so much at home that they ate all the grazing in a short while and had to be moved to a larger camp to complete their acclimatisation.

The experiment presages well for the large-scale development of a drug enabling the safe transport of wild animals, with little or no distress, from one area to another. It could be used, for instance, in returning animals that have escaped from the precincts of a reserve, to inoculate buffalo against rinderpest, or to carry out large-scale movement of animals from areas threatened by drought or subject to persistent poaching.

Two rhinoceroses in the Umfolozi Game Reserve in Natal are singled out for capture and stalked

Hanging on to the tail of one of the captured beasts

Demonstrating the tractability of a drugged rhinoceros

A crate is placed in front of a drugged rhinoceros

The stockade into which the animals were released on their arrival at Kruger National Park

N THE BULGARIAN COAST

from western countries last year and it is hoped that holidaymakers from Britain will try out these new resorts this summer by taking advantage of the arrangements for easy travel from this country.

From May 20 until October 28 an Ilyushin turbo-prop aircraft will leave London Airport every Saturday at 9.30 a.m. and, five hours later, will land at Varna Airport, where a coach will take passengers to the hotels and beaches. The inclusive charges for a two-week holiday vary from 68 guineas for accommodation in cabins, to 80 guineas for accommodation in first-class hotels. The climate is superb. They had no rain for months on end last summer, and the average temperature of the sea is nearly 72 deg. Fah. There should be no language difficulties, since English-speaking Balkantourist representatives are on duty at hotels. Visas are now very easy to obtain and while holidaymakers are in Bulgaria, there is complete freedom of movement and a choice of restaurants for meals. An extraordinary feature of this coast is the sight of camels, which, curiously enough, are not imported but have been part of the scene for hundreds of years. The countryside behind is mountainous and beautiful, with a great deal of historical and archæological interest to see. You can book these inclusive holiday arrangements through any leading travel agent.

W. D. C. C.

BOOKS

INSIDE JOURNALISM

Hugh Cudlipp on the Mirror Group and the autobiography of the editor of Life; recent fiction and thrillers

Admittedly newspapermen always think people are more interested in their papers than is, in fact, the case. And, admittedly, newspapermen like to think that their sheets have influence to an enormous degree. But these misconceptions apart, there is a lot to be said for the popular Press in entertainment value alone and there is also the corollary that editors and reporters are apt to write highly entertaining books. The latest of these is Mr. Hugh Cudlipp's AT YOUR PERIL (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.), in which the joint managing director of the Mirror Group, and erstwhile editor of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*, gives the history of his organisation, presided over by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth King, " at the head of the largest publishing empire the world has ever seen." Mr. Cudlipp's anecdotes are funny, pertinent, or both, his illustrations well-chosen and the most interesting of them all the two charts showing comparative circulation figures over the past fourteen years. It explains quite a little about mergers and take-overs.

POINT OF DEPARTURE (Hart-Davis. 25s.) is the work of another newspaperman, Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, whose editorial chairs have included *Fortune*, the *New Yorker*, *PM*, which he also founded, and *Life* which, as the publishers put it reverently, he created. Mr. Ingersoll's style is pungent, boisterous and at least as self-revealing as he intended. He writes about early days when he was a rebel in a conservative family and a riot, one way and another, at school and college. He writes about his colleagues in the Press and about some of his loves. His book is about as restful as a helter-skelter and that, too, is a reasonably accurate index of the man.

Calm returns with Mr. Ralph Wightman's ABIDING THINGS (Cassell. 21s.); a countryman's recollection of his beloved Dorset and the life that he has lived there. There is great good sense in his writing, and his conclusions, whether about crops, or stock, or companionship, are well worth studying for the simplicity of their language as well as for the directness of their thought.

Mr. Handasyde Buchanan has edited a splendid collection of GREAT CRICKET MATCHES (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.), in which sports writers from Richard Binns to J. H. Fingleton and from Neville Cardus to Sir " Plum " Warner give accounts of twenty-five epoch-making contests, beginning with the last match in the first Test series in 1894 and ending with the historic Test between Australia and the West Indies last year. These chapters not only give a record of classic games: they are each written by experts in the matter of observation and in the art of authorship, and the result is a fine addition to the shelves of all right-thinking cricket fans.

ATLANTIC CONQUEST (Cassel. 30s.), the story of the progress of transatlantic services from the first scheduled run in 1816 with a packet of some 300 tons to the present-day race of the giants, has the advantage of being written by a man who is not only a successful novelist but one who has served for fourteen years in the Royal Navy. Mr. Warren Tute can be said to know the sea and to understand the business of getting some of its problems, lures and tragedies down on paper. This volume is splendidly readable and it is also a most digestible collection of hard facts.

ROBERT MORLEY plays a Roman Catholic bishop in the comedy by Robert Crean, *A Time to Laugh*, directed by Tyrone Guthrie, at the Piccadilly Theatre, in London

IN TREETOPS HOTEL (Robert Hale. 18s.) Mr. Eric Sherbrooke Walker, as owner, tells the fascinating history of this fantastic place built in a great forest tree some 100 miles from Nairobi and visited by the great of so many countries, intent on a really close look at big game in its natural habitat. It was there that Princess Elizabeth became Queen on her father's death ten years ago.

Mr. Philip Ziegler with his first book makes an ambitious start. THE DUCHESS OF DINO (Collins. 28s.) is a biography, in the modern or popular style, of the notorious Baltic princess who lived with Talleyrand, ran his house and domestic affairs and, some say, was *maîtresse en titre* from the Congress of Vienna until his death. In a modest preface Mr. Ziegler says he had thought to write a book about Talleyrand but lacked the time and qualifications to add to the already copious literature on that subject. He therefore came to Talleyrand's niece and discovered, to his interest and our pleasure, that in some ways she could be an even more interesting study than her famous uncle-by-marriage. I know that pure historians (if there are such animals) sniff at this form of biography, but when it is as well done, well written, lively and as human as this, I don't think we need allow their prejudices to interfere with our enjoyment.

Mr. Leonard Cottrell, traveller, war correspondent, B.B.C. executive, archæologist and historian, has written a remarkable book about Ancient China, from the Stone Age down to the unification of the country under the Emperor Shih-Huang-Ti about the year 22 B.C. THE TIGER OF CH'IN (Evans. 25s.), as he

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MORE ABOUT PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Two new books to add to a considerable list

President Kennedy is fast becoming one of the most memorable of American Presidents. His gifts and the wave of affection felt for him by most Americans have been the origins of a remarkable spate of books about him this year. (Most of the books individually are not so remarkable.) It is of interest, then, to have re-published some of President Kennedy's juvenilia. WHY ENGLAND SLEPT (Sidgwick and Jackson. 8s. 6d.), by John F. Kennedy, was originally a degree thesis written by the author while in his last year at Harvard in 1940. His father was Ambassador in London from 1937 to 1941, and was visited by his son for most vacations. The thesis was later turned into a book which became a best-seller. Although President Kennedy's father was notably pro-appeasement, his son did not adhere to his father's line and his book, now re-issued, still bears examination. Written trenchantly if flatly, it puts forward the thesis that the catastrophe of Munich was not so much the fault of individual leaders in England as of the inherent difficulties of a peacetime democracy, sluggish to the alarms of war.

A second book to add to the Kennedy corpus is THE WARTIME ADVENTURES OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY (Anthony Gibbs and Phillips. 16s.), by Robert J. Donovan. This is an exhaustively-researched if over-written account. Its central story concerns the by-now famous incident in which Mr. Kennedy, then a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy and commanding a motor torpedo-boat, led his men with great gallantry. His vessel was rammed and sunk by a Japanese destroyer in the Solomon Islands. The crew was left swimming or sinking in a sea of burning petrol. With great courage, Kennedy spent thirty out of thirty-six hours in the water in attempts to rescue members of his crew.

Political labels are notoriously inaccurate. In British politics there is no exact counter for the kind of liberal radicalism central to President Kennedy's policies in the U.S. But there is a liberal socialism in Britain. Two new Penguins, with their spirit of urgent inquiry, could perhaps be placed in this tradition. They are BRITAIN IN THE 'SIXTIES: EDUCATION FOR TO-MORROW, by John Vaizey, and BRITAIN IN THE 'SIXTIES: COMMUNICATIONS, by Raymond Williams, both published at 2s. 6d. An energetic polemicist, John Vaizey stresses the importance of education in modern society, an importance which has been largely under-estimated. His short book presses the necessity for wider education, attacks the 11-plus examination, and puts forward a case for a new educational structure. His book is a challenge to a number of accepted theories of education which deserves to be answered. Raymond Williams inquires into the vast growth of communications media in this century, and debates what controls should be placed on them for the public good.

AUCUPARIUS: RECOLLECTIONS OF A RECRUITING OFFICER (Oxford. 35s.), by Sir Ralph Furse, is an account, within the framework of an autobiography, of the British Colonial Service over thirty years from the end of the First World War. For the department of out-of-the-way information, Aucuparius was the name of a mythical hunter who specialised in snaring birds. The title refers to the fact that from 1931 to 1948 Sir Ralph Furse was the Director of Recruitment for the Colonial Office. Although parts of the book are somewhat indigestible, embedded in it is much fascinating material.

Finally here are two books which will come in handy, especially as now, after Easter, it looks as if we might have a summer after all. MALCOLM SAVILLE'S SEASIDE BOOK (Cassell. 15s.) is the author's companion volume to his *Country Book*. It is a well-illustrated and informative account of the coasts of Britain and their fish, bird, plant and insect life. UNDERSTANDING THE COUNTRYSIDE (Odhams. 30s.), edited by James Gunston, does the same service for the immensely variegated scenery of rural Britain. He discusses the geological and geographical background, the history of the inhabitants, industries, transport, villages, and animal life.

Jolyon Wimhurst

was named, was among other things the architect of the Great Wall of China, that extraordinary monument over 2,000 miles long which still exists and which, in the emperor's day marked the division between barbarism and civilisation. Mr. Cottrell tells us of the beginnings of China as a nation, covering in easy, crisp prose an amazing span of history unfamiliar to all but dedicated sinologists.

It would be easy to find a trace of Nevil Shute's mastery of technical matters in the writing of Mr. David Beaty: easy but not quite exact. For Mr. Beaty is an author who is very much *sui generis* and, in THE WIND OFF THE SEA (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), he has impressed his own vitality and clarity of expression on a story of wartime flying and postwar missile projects. The humanity of the personal story, one of love, courage, duty and independence, is wonderfully well conveyed and I recommend this novel to you not only confidently but enthusiastically.

Mr. Richard ("Suzie Wong") Mason's new novel, THE FEVER TREE (Collins. 16s.), has more than the background of India and Nepal to provide its colour and interests: the plot itself is dependent on the setting, on the contrasts and adjustments to be found in present-day life there and on one Englishman's violent involvement with the politics of the place. Dramatic, effective and smooth.

Adventure, crime and mystery are represented with a good deal more than efficiency in the next three books. First, there is WHERE THE RIVER BENDS (Heinemann. 18s.) by the author of *Sea-Wyf and Biscuit*. Mr. J. M. Scott has written about a rich family in England who have commissioned a man to write the history of their rise to fortune, and who, naturally, are co-operative in his attempts at research, with one important exception. A mystery exists about one member of the family and to elucidate this the biographer travels to Burma and finds the startling answer. THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE (Cassell. 16s.) is American, a prize-winning whodunit which, in spite of an oddly static quality, does finally build up into a mood of genuine suspense. I found Mr. Thomas Walsh's book almost too slow in its first phases but liked the climax a good deal. And, finally, VILLAINOUS SALTPETRE (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) by Mr. Clifford Witting who, with considerable ingenuity, uses his knowledge of the technique of film-making to heighten the excitement in his tale of suicide and/or murder.

Vernon Fane

Eliza Doolittles all over the world are nightly changing from flower girls to toasts of society in various productions of that most successful of musicals *My Fair Lady*. From left are Karin Huebner starring in the Berlin production; Ulla Sallert in the Swedish production in Stockholm; and Maj Lindstrom in the other Swedish production, at Malmo

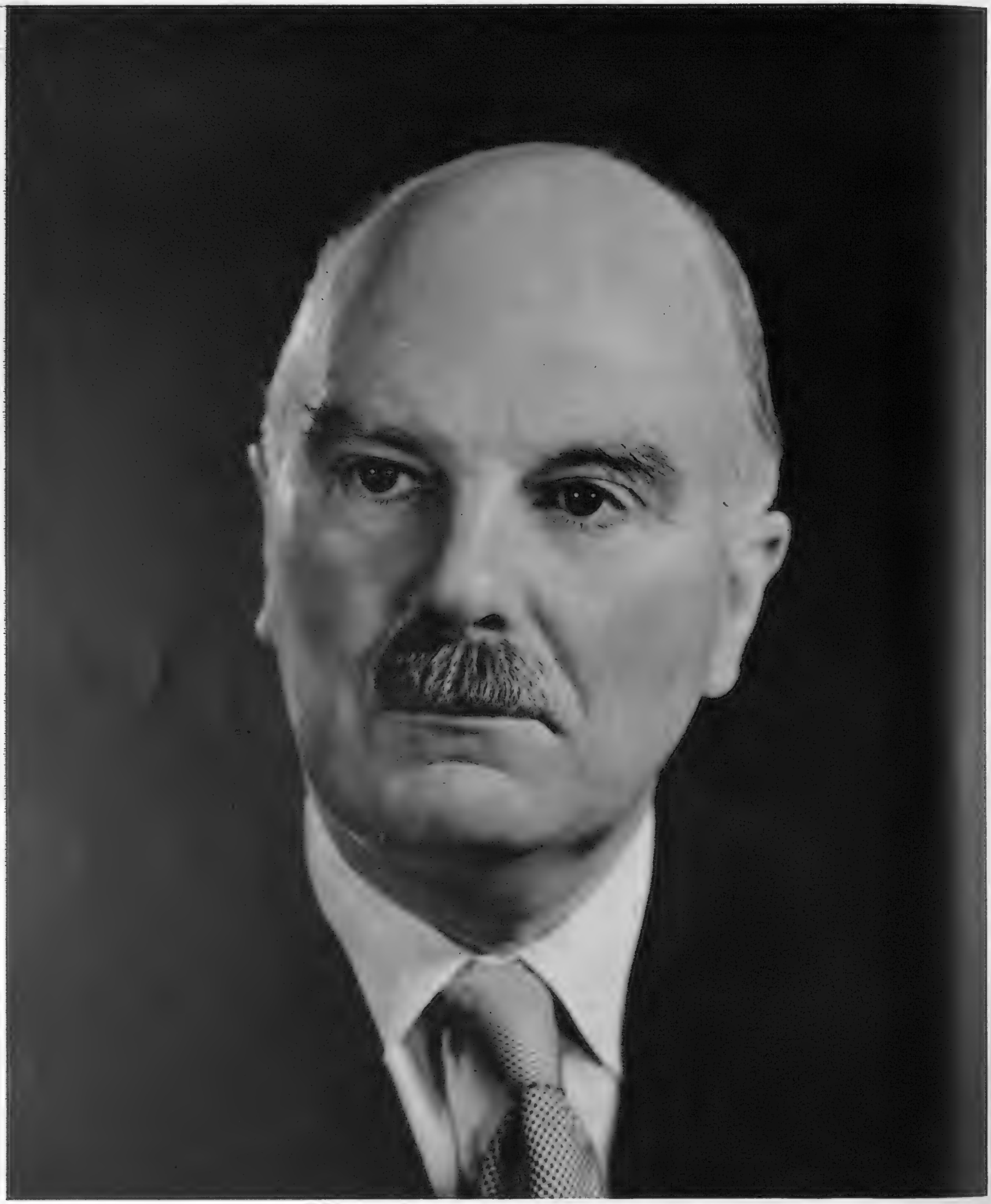
New Zealand production—Patricia Moore and David Oxley

ELEVEN ELIZAS

Unlike the little nigger boys, Eliza Doolittles increase in number, as fresh productions of Lerner and Loewe's immensely successful musical, *My Fair Lady*, start in differing parts of the world. On this page are eleven of them, all currently appearing. *My Fair Lady* in London reached another landmark this week when it celebrated its fourth anniversary at Drury Lane—and it will run at least until next spring. Over 3,500,000 people have seen the show in London, more even than in New York, where it has been running for seven years but at smaller theatres.

At the National Theatre of Iceland at Reykjavic, are Vala Kristjansson and Rurik Haraldsson. **Centre:** at Amsterdam, Margriet de Groot and Wim Sonneveld. **Right:** Latest Eliza at Drury Lane, London, is Tonia Lee

In Buenos Aires, Eliza is played by Rosita Quintana; **second left** for the U.S. touring company by Caroline Dixon; **third left** in Australia by Bunty Turner; and, **right** in New York by Margot Maser. Her Professor Higgins is Michael Allinson



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Godfrey Nicholson

Sir Godfrey Nicholson, M.P., is chairman of the family business of J. and W. Nicholson and Co. (Holdings) Ltd., which has been in existence for well over 150 years. Distillers and wine and spirit merchants, the firm is the parent company to several subsidiaries, of five of which Sir Godfrey is also chairman. Sir Godfrey entered politics in 1931 when he stood for the mining seat of Morpeth, in Northumberland, as a Conservative and turned the previous Labour majority of 16,500 into a narrow victory for himself. He lost Morpeth in 1935, and was elected for Farnham in Surrey in a by-election in 1937, a seat he has held ever since. While he was M.P. for Morpeth, Sir Godfrey specialised in mining matters and was responsible for an important Workmen's Compensation Bill. His present interests in the Commons are particularly in foreign affairs and finance. He is chairman of the Estimates Committee. Godfrey Nicholson was born in 1901 and educated at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1936 he married Lady Katharine Lindsay, the fifth daughter of the 27th Earl of Crawford. They have four daughters. From 1939 to 1942 Sir Godfrey served in the Royal Fusiliers and the Commandos. He was created a baronet in 1958. A widely travelled man in many parts of the world, Sir Godfrey led a Parliamentary delegation to Japan and Thailand in 1954 and in 1960 a similar delegation to the Nigerian Independence celebrations. Interested in all country pursuits, Sir Godfrey occasionally manages a day's hunting

WHAT PRICE WATER?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

About the only thing in a modern economy that anybody sells you without bothering at all how much you choose to take is water. In Britain, that is; not everywhere else. In a Paris kitchen last month, I was intrigued to see a meter on the water piping for a fairly small flat: and there are quite a number of other countries where water is a scarce enough commodity for almost all consumers to have their supplies metered.

In Britain water isn't scarce: the skies deliver all too much. And water undertakings here charge domestic and many commercial consumers simply by an annual water rate, based on the rateable value and hence eventually on the size and potential rental of the building where water is used; it is only the larger consumers such as factories that have their supplies metered. This way of charging is largely a matter of convenience and of the cost pattern of water supplies. The fixed costs of waterworks and supply mains are by far the largest element in any undertaking's expenses, and even the labour costs of a water system don't vary considerably with the volume of water that it passes through its mains. So fixed charges upon most consumers, allowing them to treat what comes out of the tap as a "free good," are quite sensible.

They might cease to be sensible, however, if water should begin to become scarce in Britain; and even in terms of making good use of a fairly costly water system, this kind of pricing could be unwise if it promoted a very large amount of waste. So far as waste is concerned, the country's water undertakings use a variety of means to check it. They sometimes use waste meters on outflow pipes in areas where consumption of fresh water looks suspiciously high; they carry out spot inspections of mains and water pipe systems; they work with the makers of sanitary equipment to ensure these operate economically; and most of them charge more for or even forbid ostentatiously liberal methods of using water, like the garden tap or sprinkler systems for the lawn. These methods of supervising waste, rather than measuring consumption to begin with, still appear to the supply undertakings to be cheaper than the pretty expensive idea of meters, officials to read them, and the whole book-keeping process of sending out specific accounts rather than demands for a fixed water rate.

The threat of potential water scarcity is a separate question, to which official committees and the Government have been devoting some study in recent years. Absolute scarcity isn't the problem; it 's a matter of gathering and distributing the abundance. Rainfall in Britain probably provides ten or fifteen times as much fresh (and soft) water as we use; but we get it at second hand, from rivers or underground. Providing adequate reservoirs, river intakes, bore-holes and purification works for what may be a quite rapidly growing demand for water is the bottleneck where an artificial scarcity might manifest itself. The scarcity is perhaps of information and good management than water itself. Since the war the anxiety of succeeding Ministers of Health has been to improve the organisation for "abstracting" and distributing water in Britain; but they have still left plenty to be done about it.

The Government's latest proposals, made public last month, involve the creation of new river authorities that will be concerned with "water conservation" as well as the other functions already performed by river boards. These authorities will have the responsibility of preparing schemes for "the preservation, control and development of water resources (both surface and ground)" to ensure that "adequate and reliable supplies of water are made available." They will thus have considerable authority not only over Britain's 628 water supply undertakings but also, in theory at least, over the main private "abstractors" of water who draw their own supplies from streams or wells on their own property. All of these self-sufficient users of water, in future will probably be required to take out a licence.

This new top tier of public authorities concerned with water—twenty-seven of them, apart from whatever new body is set up for the London area—may help on the process of concentrating this industry's organisation. Over the last five years there has been some welcome amalgamation of water undertakings; there were more than a thousand in 1955, although about thirty of them were responsible for handling perhaps 70 per cent. of the country's total gallonage. This large array, linked with local authorities in most areas of the country, made it difficult to arrange large-scale schemes that would have to serve several different areas of water consumption.

British water undertakings are nowadays investing about £35,000,000-£40,000,000 a year, and they expect to have facilities to cover a rise in total water supplies of about 25 per cent. by 1965, which ought to cover the increase that experts foresee in demand for water. Official forecasts, have not so far stated how much water may be used in agricultural irrigation; this could make very large demands outside the total of all other "abstractions."

Certain industrial users are very large-scale "gross" users of water, though the "net" consumption of many big plants is much lower than might appear. For all the water and steam that is involved in a big power station, for example, the only "net" consumption is the "make-up" water required in a power station's cooling tower. Moreover, a growing number of power stations are now being sited near Britain's coasts; this gives them the chance to do their cooling with seawater.

Every now and then, some enthusiastic engineer suggests that in parts of Britain it might be worth while getting general water supplies from the sea, by various processes of "de-salinisation." So far, it hasn't been, except for one special case. On the other hand, the interest of British firms in these processes has given them a sizeable proportion of a small, specialised but growing export market for this kind of equipment.

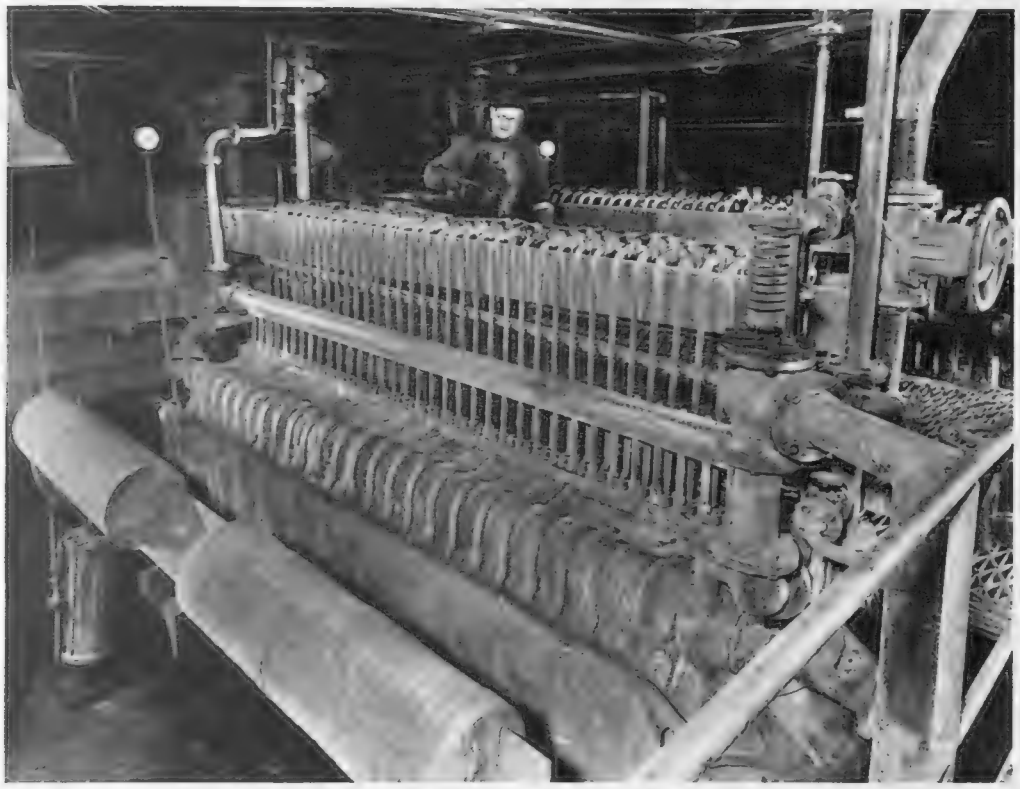
The only case within or at least near Britain is in Guernsey, where a standby de-salting plant has been installed as an insurance against the occasional droughts that can affect the island's cultivation of fresh vegetables for the British market. Messrs. G. & J. Weir put it in for Guernsey; this British firm was concerned in the installation, some years ago, of one of the world's largest de-salting plants, which supplies practically all the water now used in the rich little state of Kuwait in the Middle East. This plant supplies about 10,000,000 gallons a day; it is a distillation process fuelled by the local oil and natural gas. It doesn't supply cheap water, by our standards; but oil development has vastly increased the demands of the Kuwait area, and the alternative would have been to import it.

So far, in a country with weather as wet as Britain's, the costs of de-salinisation plant, even in areas with the lowest rainfall, would appear greater than those of collecting the water elsewhere and piping it to the consumer. For certain areas with heavy consumption, this means going farther and farther afield, and needs co-ordinated development between authorities; this is one field where the new river authorities should be able to facilitate matters. These boards, and the extra investment in water that Britain may need during the coming years, will cost money; and this will have to be added as a cost of abstracting water to the water undertakings, and hence onward to the consumer. However, this is unlikely to be any great burden to the affluent society. The fifteen to twenty gallons of water per head that we all use daily costs most of us a good deal less weekly than a pint of milk—or beer.

The new Tamar road bridge links Devon and Cornwall across the River Tamar. It was opened by the Queen Mother last week. The view is from Devon and shows Brunel's Royal Albert railway bridge left. Contractors for the new suspension bridge, which cost £1,500,000, were the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co. Ltd.

Bauxite ore at the alumina factory of The British Aluminium Company Ltd., at Newport, Monmouthshire

Discharge of alumina hydrate from a rotary vacuum filter. Dri



Liquor is clarified in Sweetland filters during the purification process in which bauxite is reduced to alumina

The final stage in the production of alumina—a fine powder

A FUTURE FOR ALUMINIUM

Photographs by John Rose and John Jochimsen

In less than seventy years aluminium has grown from a semi-precious metal, the potential of which was little understood, to hold an established place in the world, second only to steel in volume of world consumption. The long years of research and technical development have borne fruit. Today aluminium is used in almost every industry. It can be found everywhere from the superstructure of the Canberra to the roof of Eton College Chapel, from the bodywork of a Rolls-Royce car to the grille of the transistor radio which won the 1961 Duke of Edinburgh's Prize for Elegant Design.

The British Aluminium Co. Ltd., which pioneered the industry in Great Britain, is today still the largest aluminium concern in the country. Recently it led the industry in a sharp reduction in the price of the most commonly used aluminium sheet.

In the past few years, too, B.A. has been busily engaged in developing large new markets for aluminium. For example, the British Aluminium Building Service was started as an information system to keep architects informed about the many applications of aluminium in construction, and the Container Leasing Plan, a means of providing industrial users with containers of every kind without heavy capital outlay. Soon to begin is the British Aluminium Labelling Plan, a promotional scheme which will enable manufacturers of aluminium consumer goods to identify their products to the customers as being made of reliable aluminium —strong, light and rust-free.

British Aluminium is a £55,000,000 company employing more than 12,000 people throughout Britain. In 1959 control of the company was acquired by Tube Investments Limited, in association with Reynolds Metals Company, of Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., which has a substantial minority holding.

The company operates two aluminium smelters in the Scottish Highlands (the only

(*Continued on page 200*)

ydrate is also used in the paper industry and glass manufacture

Aluminium is cast into ingots or pigs, seen here being remelted for alloying before rolling at the Rheola rolling mill of British Aluminium at Resolven, Glamorgan

The alloyed aluminium slab is measured for width after broadside rolling to begin its reduction to sheet

ones, incidentally, in the British Isles), a super purity refinery, two alumina plants—from which chemicals also go to the paper, water purification and ceramic industries—four rolling mills, three extrusion plants, and a secondary (scrap) aluminium refinery and powder and paste works.

Illustrated on these pages are the alumina factory at Newport, Monmouthshire, where the imported bauxite ore is chemically purified to become aluminium oxide, from which the metal itself is later electrolytically reduced; the modern rolling mill at Resolven, in Glamorgan's Neath valley; and the aluminium extrusion and tube works at Redditch, Worcestershire, where a three-year, £1,500,000 extension programme is now being completed.

Overseas B.A. has its own bauxite mines in Ghana and in France, plus extensive bauxite rights in northern Australia. Much of the aluminium ingot used in its United Kingdom fabrication plants comes from the new smelter of Canadian British Aluminium Co. Ltd., a subsidiary company at Baie Comeau, on the St. Lawrence River.

The long-term future for aluminium is assured. World output has increased thirty-fold since 1950, and both technically and commercially it has great potential for further development. In the immediate future the aluminium industry, like nearly all others in Britain, faces the more competitive situation that will be brought about by Common Market trading conditions.

B.A. is meeting the challenge with expansion and modernisations of its production facilities; with intensified research and development engineering and with progressive marketing methods to help its manufacturing customers to face European competition.

As the slab passes through the rolling mills it snakes out to a bright sheet up to 50 ft. in length

A FUTURE FOR ALUMINIUM

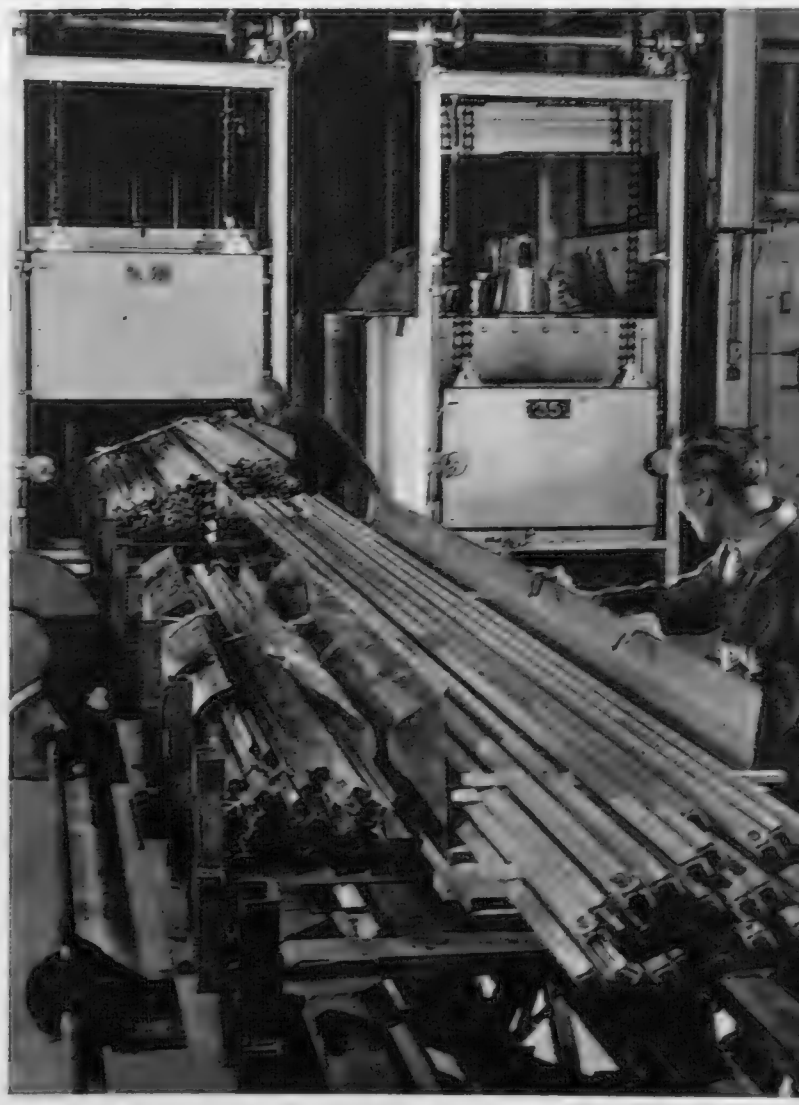
(*Continued from pages 198 and 199*)

Aluminium sheet is given a highly reflective finish and is then carefully stacked with its surfaces protected by sheets of tissue

One aspect of quality control is this test of the tensile strength of a sample of aluminium sheet in the rolling mill's laboratory

Aluminium extrusions in many shapes and sizes are produced at the Redditch factory of British Aluminium. Here a section is checked for straightness

With this electronic equipment, cast billets of aluminium are checked for possible internal flaws before being extruded



A load of extruded sections being charged into the precipitation heat treatment furnace. The heat treatment process strengthens the metal

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BUY AMERICAN

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Latest reports from Prudential Assurance, whose assets now total £1,188,000,000, discloses that Sir Frank Morgan and his board bought £8,000,000 of American equities during 1961. This move by Britain's largest investor—the Prudential has some £2,000,000 a week to place in the City—is of general investment interest. Last year the Prudential significantly increased their stake in the United States, with their buying of American Shares equivalent to one-quarter of the total amount placed in Ordinary shares.

The Prudential's move partly reflects the relatively attractive level of share prices in New York, but it also highlights the basic attractions of American investment. These are the high average level of wealth in the United States coupled with striking growth prospects, made possible partly by the size of the home market and partly by America's large natural resources.

British industry has a large interest in the United States partly through exports and partly through direct ownership of trading companies. These links go back to the nineteenth century, when British capital helped to found many basic American industries, notably railways and public utilities.

Despite the erosion of two world wars on our national wealth, Britain's holding of American assets is, even today, larger than America's stake in this country. For investors who want to participate in the prospective expansion of the United States, the choice lies between a company exporting to North America or one whose operations there are relatively important. In both cases the criterion must be the relative size of American business to the company concerned. A large number of British concerns sell to the United States or operate subsidiaries there, but their American business is sometimes a barely significant part of the total.

In exports Britain's major sales to the United States include motor vehicles, high quality textiles and whisky. In these three fields investors can discover companies that stand to benefit from the United States' expansion. Among large car producers, investment interest is confined to British Motor Corporation, Rootes and Rover, as Ford and Vauxhall are now wholly owned by their respective American parents. British Motor Corporation recently reported a severe setback in profits for the first part of their 1961-62 year, but the City believes that trading should improve during the next few months. B.M.C. have suffered exceptionally from strikes among suppliers. However, their new models are expected to sell well in the United States.

The slackening in American incomes last year affected Pringle of Scotland, the high-grade textile producers, who sell more than half their output overseas. Speaking earlier this year the chairman told shareholders that spring orders were well up to those of 1961, though evidence of a strong revival in American business would only appear later in 1962.

In exports of whisky to the United States—where the Distillers group have a large interest—progress has been made recently by United Wine Trades, with J. and B. Rare Whisky. Sales have increased rapidly and almost doubled between 1960 and 1961. The City has recognised United Wine's growth potential by placing the shares on a very low yield basis. Against this, prospects should be improved over the longer-term by the pending merger with Gilbeys. That will broaden United Wine's interests in North America and bring a large number of retail outlets in Britain. Profit details announced by United Wine during the merger illustrate the pace of recent growth: in the six months to last December income rose to £550,000, against £340,000 for the corresponding period of the previous year, while earnings for the full twelve months to next June are expected to reach £1,000,000 before tax. Only 5 years ago United Wine was earning less than £100,000 on trading.

A large number of leading British companies have direct subsidiaries in the United States. Unilever have a large interest there through Lever Brothers and Thomas Lipton, while the Royal Dutch-Shell Group have a controlling stake in Shell Oil, one of the larger United States producers. Among large companies where the comparative size of American subsidiaries appears to be great, one of the best-known names is British-American Tobacco. This group, which sells no tobacco in the United Kingdom, controls the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation of the United States, in addition to its world-wide spread of interests. B.A.T. should not suffer directly from concern over health risks in Britain, though expansion in developing countries may suffer from extra duties imposed in those countries.

A general case for investing in the United States is clear enough. The investors' best course is probably to share their interest between exporters and groups operating in the U.S. Exporters, after all, may suffer from tariff moves and from the competition of domestic American manufacturers. B.M.C. and United Wine are attractive choices among exporters, with B.M.C. offering useful current income, while United Wine shares are thought to have greater possibilities of capital growth. British-American Tobacco will appeal through their direct stake in the U.S.; investors who are concerned over the prospects of the tobacco and cigarette industry could select either Unilever or Shell.

GOOD LIVING *By Ganymede*

Some of my readers may remember my glowing report on the comfort and luxury catering I experienced on a flight to East Africa almost two years ago. I used the services of two different airlines, but both ways I was travelling first class. Therefore I was naturally interested to see how I would be looked after on a recent trip, when I travelled the same routes by British United Airways Safari Service.

There is no first class on this service. It is "economy class" travel which is not only cheaper but, according to International Air Transport Association agreement, services provided during flight are strictly limited. Strict rules are laid down as to what food and drink may or may not be provided, and the controversy over the interpretation of the term "sandwich" by the different airlines, which is all they are allowed to provide on shorter flights, hit the headlines some time ago.

With this in mind, I expected very diminished standard of comfort, in fact a degree of austerity, which made me tighten my belt before stepping on board. My first surprise on finding my seat was the extremely comfortable and pleasant interior of the aircraft. This is the long-range adaptation of the Britannia, which makes possible a non-stop flight from Gatwick to Entebbe on Lake Victoria—pretty near the middle of what once was Darkest Africa.

On my previous journeys I had flown by Comet. We made stops at Rome and Khartoum. My recent and direct flight took just under ten hours. It was smooth and uninterrupted, which, in my view, adds to comfort and enjoyment. My next surprise was the amount of space, there was ample leg-room even for my 6 ft. 2 ins., and plenty of width for my corresponding epicurean girth. My seat had an extra cushion for the small of the back and a footrest was provided, while the back of the seat was adjustable over a wide arc. So far, it might have been first class.

One great difference between first-class and economy (or tourist) travel is that passengers are not supplied with drinks free, but I did not find this a hardship. Soon after take-off, after the hostesses had made sure that their charges were comfortable and provided them with books and magazines, I was offered drinks at very reasonable prices. I had an excellent quarter-bottle of Mâcon Blanc (French bottled) as my aperitif (2s. 6d.). Soon, the unmistakable scent of roast duck started wafting from the galley, and in no time dinner arrived.

This to me was the approaching moment of truth, as I had horrid visions of a meagre meal cut down to bare bones by I.A.T.A. regulations. It was not anything of the sort. It could not have been a better-prepared and more satisfying dinner, very well served within the limitations of flying (by then) over the Mediterranean at about 25,000 ft. Rolls of smoked salmon accompanied by slices of lemon and brown bread and butter were followed by "Roast Duckling with Port Wine Sauce, Garden Peas and Parisienne Potatoes" as the main course. Everything was there: roll and butter, pepper, salt, and, of course, all the necessary implements in sealed hygienic cellophane. With it I drank a very pleasant Beaujolais (2s. 6d. the quarter bottle). To end the meal I was given a choice of a luscious fruit-tray or cheese (I.A.T.A. forbids the service of *both*, except in first-class), I had cheese, from a choice of three kinds, more butter and biscuits.

With coffee a variety of liqueurs was offered, and the coffee (unlimited quantity) was hot, and good. Lights out, clean blankets provided, and gazing out at the myriad stars of the African sky, I soon fell asleep, to be wakened by the purple dawn and steaming hot coffee. Breakfast was fabulous; I suppose International Regulations cannot harm the sanctity of British breakfast. Grapefruit segments, cereal, then bacon, sausages, kidneys and mushrooms, roll, butter, marmalade—who could ask for more?

The girls were helpful and charming throughout. I fully understood why this airline, contrary to most others, calls them air-hostesses in preference to the more frigid description of stewardesses. My conclusion was that, if economy flying is not quite as luxurious as first-class, the difference, in this instance at any rate, is negligible. It all depends on the good will and imagination of the individual airline as to how far the passenger can be made happy and comfortable without actually committing a breach of I.A.T.A. regulations. British United Airways have my full admiration for their ability to make the economy-class passenger feel just as important as a first-class one. It would be wrong to conclude from all this that the "economy" level is all that B.U.A.'s catering services can provide. When I visited the company's gleaming kitchens at Stansted and Gatwick later I found that they can do much more. Many types of meal are prepared, ranging from satisfying boxed lunches to most elaborate meals for first-class passengers on other routes, where the sky is the limit to lavishness.

Subsequently I did a lot of local flying in East Africa, in different conditions. Short flights of only an hour or two's duration, mostly in the old Dakotas of East African Airways. On a much simpler level, this was also a happy form of flying. Without trimmings, except for the occasional cup of coffee or soft drink provided, the atmosphere was always friendly, and the staff invariably courteous with a smile.

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MOTORING

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ZEPHYR 4

Dunlop Gold Seal C41 tyres; the M.S.A. and the B.S.M.; news for scooter owners

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

The Ford man who wrote the brochure for the new Zephyrs must have had his mind on the East African Safari Rally, in which some of the new Ford Zodiacs participated, for in it he says of the Zephyr Four—new name for the old Consul—that " it can carry the equivalent in weight of a small elephant and still give an impressive performance throughout its range." I don't suppose many of Dagenham's customers are likely to want to carry an elephant around, but they will find both the Six and the Four ready, able and willing to do any of the many kinds of job motorists demand of their cars nowadays.

The 2,553-c.c., 6-cylinder Six and the 1,703-c.c., 4-cylinder Four share the attractive new body shell of the luxury Zodiac, though all three models have distinctive front end treatment (with the 2,553-c.c. Zodiac readily identifiable by reason of its four sealed-beam headlamps). Prices of the new Zephyrs, with 45 per cent. purchase tax, are: Six, £929; Four, £847. The heater (which is a standard fitting on the Zodiac) costs £21 and the optionally extra overdrive and automatic transmission are £58 and £110 respectively.

Power-assisted disc brakes at the front are normal equipment on the new Zephyrs which in standard form also share with the Zodiac the four-speed all-synchromesh gear-box.

I have road-tested both the Four and the Six on M1, at Silverstone and in heavy traffic, and I find them both greatly improved cars with good manners, plenty of room, adequate performance and impressive braking. The Six gives zestful acceleration to its top speed of over 90 m.p.h., cruises easily at 80 and, depending on how you drive it, offers a petrol mileage of up to 30 to the gallon.

The Four has a top speed of over 80 m.p.h. and if it is not driven like a racing car offers about 33 miles to the gallon. Both Zephyrs are available in a range of twelve different body colours and real leather upholstery can be had by those who appreciate its virtues. There is a switch to put out one of the sidelights for parking at night but I would prefer, instead, a screen washer at no extra charge, as with the Zodiac. The seats give more support at the base of the spine than those in the old Zephyrs, but I think they are still not as good as they might be. I should like to be able to specify a floor-mounted gear shift and I could well do without the phoney walnut veneer on the fascia of the Six.

For some months past I have been using, on my Austin Mini, a set of the new Dunlop Gold Seal C41 tyres announced recently. I can confirm, from my own experience, the claims made by Dunlop that they hug the road better in wet weather because of the high-hysteresis-non-bouncy-rubber from which the tread is made; that they squeal less on corners than tyres treaded with ordinary synthetic rubber; and that because of their new " safety shoulders " they minimise steering " wander " when they come up against grooves and ridges in the road surface.

The C41 is being made in the sixteen most popular sizes and it costs no more than the Gold Seal cover it replaces. It was announced at a Press conference where there was much technical talk of sipes (the knife-cuts in tyre treads), road " hug," polymers and High-Mu rubbers (named after *Mu*, the scientists' short-hand for co-efficient of friction). What it boils down to is that the new C41 tyre is safer, gives a more comfortable ride and lasts longer (in spite of a widely-held and erroneous belief that " cling " treads wear more quickly).

It owes a lot to Dunlop's road-hugging Elite tyre for luxury cars and to the firm's Road Speed RS5 for high-performance models, and because the casing and sidewalls—where the biggest heat build-up takes place—are made from rubber of a more resilient type than that used for the treads, it is safe for sustained motorway speeds of up to 90 m.p.h. The tread pattern is entirely new and incorporates thousands of skilfully-designed knife cuts which, with their improved squeegee action in the wet, help to wipe the road dry and reduce the risk of skids. The makers go so far as to claim an improvement of at least 25 per cent. in roadholding on wet surfaces.

I had a long talk the other day with Mr. Arthur Rampley, who runs a driving school at Norwich and who has been chairman of the Motor Schools' Association since February. He tells me the Association has 450 member-schools and that between them they have about 2,000 instructors and 1,500 cars. Last year they prepared 285,000 pupils for the Ministry of Transport test.

Inevitably the conversation came round to the subject of the British School of Motoring, biggest organisation of its kind in the world, with 120 branches, 1,400 dual-control cars, nearly 2,000 instructors, and 4,000 new pupils every week. B.S.M. is not a member of the M.S.A., who would naturally like to have them in. Mr. Rampley told me that if it was any inducement to B.S.M., it might be possible to arrange for them to have direct representation on the board. No other single school has such representation and most of the board members are elected to represent a large number of individual schools in each of twelve separate geographical areas.

Later I asked Miss Denise McCann, chairman and managing director of B.S.M., what she thought of the idea of joining the M.S.A. " The answer is very simple," she said. " I have no intention of joining. From my point of view there would be nothing to gain and a lot to lose. I am not satisfied that the standard they set for their instructors is high enough. If I joined I would either dominate the Association completely, because of the size of my organisation, or else find myself sharing the status of their smallest, one-man school.

Trying out the new Zephyr on the Silverstone racing circuit. **Below:** Courtenay Edwards examines the large luggage boot of the new Zephyr. The petrol filler is located behind a hinged rear number plate

" I should like to make it clear, though, that I applaud the Association's efforts to raise the instructional standards of Britain's smaller driving schools."

As there is a scooter in the garage of many motoring families I want to record that Lambretta have just announced two new 125-c.c. and 175-c.c. models, both of which have been given the descriptive type name of " Slimstyle " on account of their being lower, narrower and a bit shorter.

They have been sleekly restyled and engine improvements include the provision of higher compression ratios and a fully automatic carburettor which gives instant starting without any need to flood the float chamber. But the outstanding technical development is the fitting of a disc brake to the front wheel of the 175-c.c. model, to take care of the 12 per cent. power increase it has been given. The 125 c.c. costs £134, including tax, and the 175 is £190.

Motor-cyclists and scooter owners who live near Sheffield may like to know it will be possible from this weekend to take their machines by train when going to the West Country on holiday. They are now able to join car owners in using British Railways' " West Country Car Sleeper " which leaves Sheffield at 1 a.m. on Sundays, reaches Exeter at 7.45 a.m. the same day, leaves Exeter at 9 p.m. on Sundays and reaches Sheffield at 4.12 a.m. on the following day.

You travel overnight in a sleeping berth with your machine safe in a covered van on the same train. Inclusive fares for passenger and machine are: £4 single and £6 10s. return for machines of between 100 c.c. and 200 c.c; £4 15s. and £7 10s. for over 200 c.c.

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Details of the 1962 One-of-a-Kind Catamaran Race have now been announced by the Royal Yachting Association. The young and prospering Catamaran Yacht Club of the Isle of Sheppey is going to administer the event for the R.Y.A., and it is to be held from August 27 to September 1. The second part of the announcement is even more interesting: this deals with the type of catamarans to take part. It is clear that the R.Y.A. consider the development of designs which might gain international status of the greatest importance. To further this aim, they have declared that the dimensions of catamarans entered should satisfy the classification laid down at higher level.

It was the recently-formed Catamaran Committee of the International Yacht Racing Union which has defined the three types of catamaran considered most desirable for development. The R.Y.A. has invited entries for the one-of-a-kind race corresponding to the same definitions: " to encourage development of catamarans for possible future international recognition." This amounts to three separate series of races to be held for catamarans of the following maximum dimensions, as adopted by the I.Y.R.U. (in each case the measurements given are maximum dimensions):

(*a*) One-man boat: sail area 150 sq. ft., extreme beam (2·3 metres) 7 ft. 6½ ins.; (*b*) Two-man boat: sail area 235 sq. ft., extreme beam 10 ft.; and (*c*) Two-man boat: sail area 300 sq. ft., extreme beam 14 ft.

All sails will be measured to include spars, roach and projecting battens. Where spinnakers are used, 10 per cent. of the measured area will be included in the maximum permitted sail area. Seats within the extreme beam measurement are allowed, and so are trapezes, but only for the use of the crews, not helmsmen.

In addition to the races for these three types of catamarans, there will be a race for cruising catamarans, should sufficient entries be received.

All in all, it is an excellent move on the part of the R.Y.A. to relate this event so closely to the development of future international catamaran classes. Robert N. Bavier, Junr., chairman of the I.Y.R.U. Catamaran Committee, when presenting the recommendations for the three types to be fostered, expressed the hope that international status may be granted to one or more of the three in 1963, either as restricted or one-design classes. The present restrictions which only limit sail area and extreme beam measurement may be extended to some of the other dimensions as time goes on and development of design makes progress.

I looked in on the Royal Torbay Yacht Club the other day and was most impressed by the progress made since the amalgamation just over a year ago with the Torquay Corinthian Y.C. Total membership is now steadily approaching the 1,000 mark, and the old Royal Torbay Y.C. clubhouse on Beacon Hill, overlooking the harbour, has been greatly improved and modernised.

The season started on April 7, and several important events feature in the programme. The Torbay Dragons have a match against the House of Commons Y.C. on May 26-27, then against the Solent Dragons on June 2 and 3. Merlin Rocket Championship Week is from June 16 to 23. There is an International Cadet open meeting on August 4 and 5; the Tall Ships Race starts from Torbay on August 11; the annual regatta is August 27-29; the G.P. 14 Championship week September 1 to 8, and the *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race finishes there on September 8.

Nimble Eve, a 30-ft. sailing trimaran, on the River Orwell at Ipswich, in Suffolk. The hull of *Nimble Eve* is stabilised by two floats, each 24 ft. long and 2 ft. wide. She was built by Contour Craft of Gorleston for Cox of Ipswich

A 15-ft. Fairey Marine Albacore moves across the Outer Harbour at Torquay

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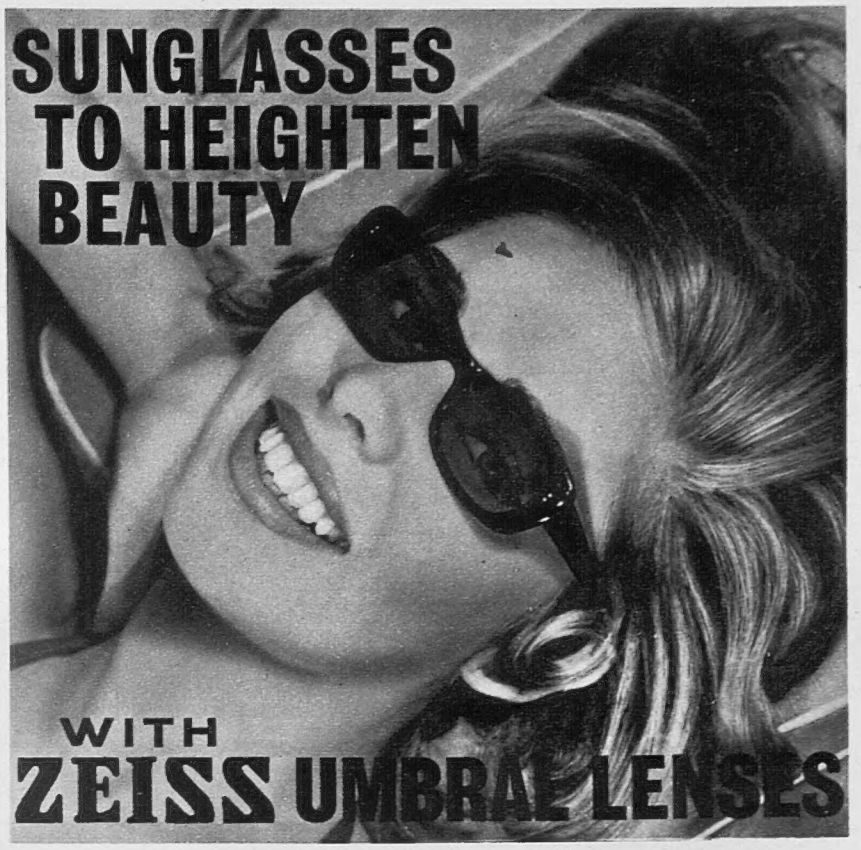

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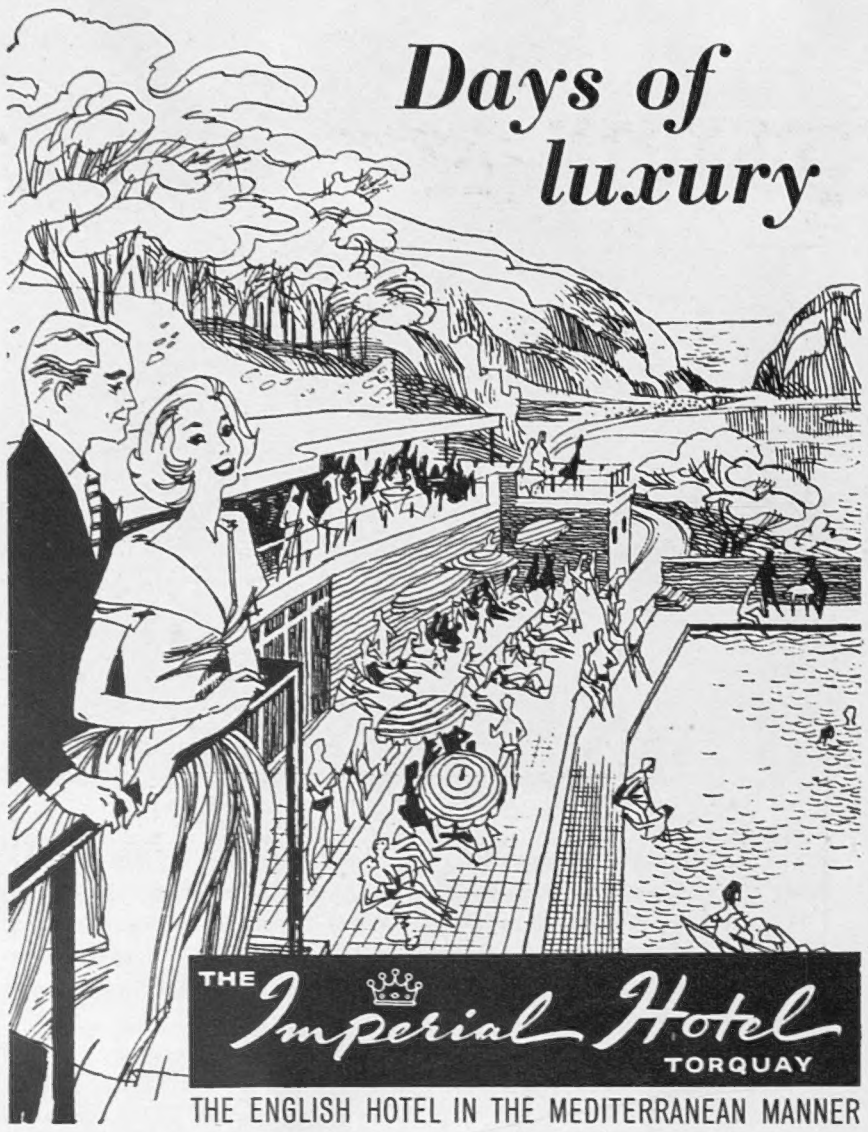

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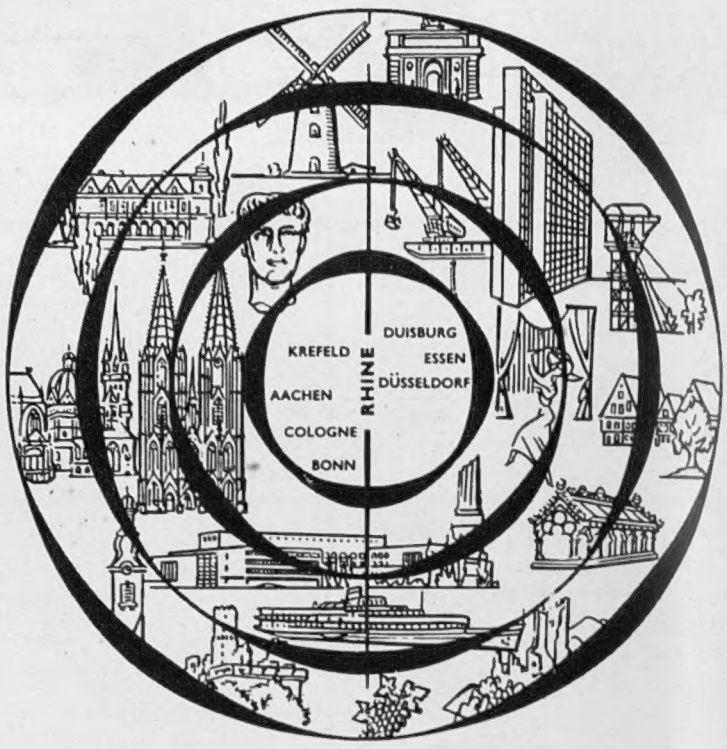

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

ON MAY MORNINGS we awake to the songs of the birds and over our early morning cup of tea sense the call of the open road.

Already a quarter of 1962 has gone by, and though during much of it there has been little enticement to take out one's car, we have not been entirely idle in our quest of good hotels.

Here, then, are some of our new discoveries during the winter months. May you find them as satisfying as we did.

The Bell Inn at Brook: Here is a find for anyone who seeks an inn of character barely a mile away from the main Cadnam/Ringwood road, admirably located for a meal and the night and, from a holiday angle, close to such centres as Southampton and Bournemouth. In the heart of the New Forest, with the clubhouse of the Bramshaw Golf Club (18 holes) attached to the hotel and riding stables two miles away, *The Bell Inn* has an obvious holiday appeal. The owners, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Maschek, have a selection of bedrooms that are models of comfort and cleanliness, a wide selection of beers and spirits in the welcoming bar (the inn is a Free House), and the appetising fare exemplifies their years of catering experience.

Motoring on under a blue sky, there was every indication of a heavy night frost as we took the by-pass around Bristol and drove up to the hotel we had in mind for the night—the *St. Vincent's Rocks Hotel* in Clifton, Bristol. Standing high above the clamorous city and almost level with the suspension bridge, this hotel not only has, from the front, a magnificent view of the gorge, but has also a quiet situation to ensure a peaceful night's sleep. A graceful balconied building with various skilful modern additions, it has for some years been Brewery-owned, and is now one of the Anchor Taverns.

For some years the hotel has been a favourite with business people from Monday to Friday, and any reader in the vicinity at a weekend should note that a room is usually easily available. All are comfortably fitted out and modernly furnished, and a good standard of cleanliness is evident throughout the house. Other features we noted were a decorative modern dining-room, with studio windows overlooking the gorge, and ample garage and parking space at the rear of the hotel.

During the coming holiday season there will be thousands of motorists westward bound and vice versa.

One winter's night we heard the *The Old Bell* at Malmesbury was well on the upgrade, so we pulled up for the night. For hundreds of years this former hospice of the monks has been a focal point of the local community and an attraction to home and overseas visitors.

With ria clad, *The Old Bell* wears an inviting air. The more so as you step inside and take your ease in one of a series of happily furnished rooms, which are such a contrast to the average formal hotel lounge. Roominess is a feature of the mullion-windowed dining-room, often thronged at school weekends by parents and pupils of Westonbirt and other well-known nearby schools.

As for bedroom accommodation, each has its individuality, whether in the new or the old part of the building. All are well warmed in winter and those at the back look over the well-tended garden.

There are certain towns that are so geographically situated that they seem obvious centres for the transient motorist. One such town is Evesham, though what a noisy place it can be, unless you know, as we do now, of a quiet retreat—the *Mansion House* in Cooper's Lane, just off the Waterside. The house itself is part of the town's ancient history and, its newest addition being Georgian, the atmosphere is still that of a graceful country house. To run the *Mansion House* as such is the aim of the resident owner, Ian Wake, who is ably assisted by his mother. Well chosen furniture and pictures are in keeping with the mellowed structure. Central heating ensures a well-aired room in winter and the catering—the best of English food—is to everyone's taste.

Looks can be deceptive and we have learnt never to judge a roadside inn by its exterior, and the *Grosvenor Arms* at Aldford, near Chester, is a case in point. A stranger to the district might well pass by the *Grosvenor Arms*, because by outward appearances there is nothing to denote the elegance and luxury of the restaurant and bars within.

Robiey Ltd., the Liverpool caterers, are to be congratulated on achieving such a delightful transformation from village inn to West-End style restaurant. Lunching there one spring Sunday, we were struck by the general warmth, the bowl of flowers on each table, the sparkling silver and glass and the expert ministrations of the Continental staff—ably controlled by the manager.

The menu contains—apart from the usual *à la carte* selection—some eighteen special dishes, as well as a reasonably priced *table d'hôte* menu which is available every day except on Saturday evenings. At the time of our visit the roast pork, carved from the trolley, looked particularly succulent. Without doubt one can wine and dine in style at this *Grosvenor Arms*—which stands almost at the gates of Eaton Hall, a drawing of which decorates the menu.

In this holiday " general post " the East Coast routes are bound to figure in our itineraries. Note well then the *Swan Hotel* at Leighton Buzzard. " Posting House " is the lettering on the white facia of this old inn which stands in the market square, and the *Swan* is still fulfilling its original rote—albeit with the motor car replacing the coach.

Well geared to the needs of the travelling public, this *Swan* (a Trident Hotel) serves many a traveller to the North, apart from those that have business in the area. All will find the bedrooms well appointed, public rooms comfortable and warm, and car parking space ample. The dining-room—candlelit at night and with an elegant centre-piece of fruit and flowers—deserves a special mention and makes a pleasant setting in which to enjoy a meal *en passant*.

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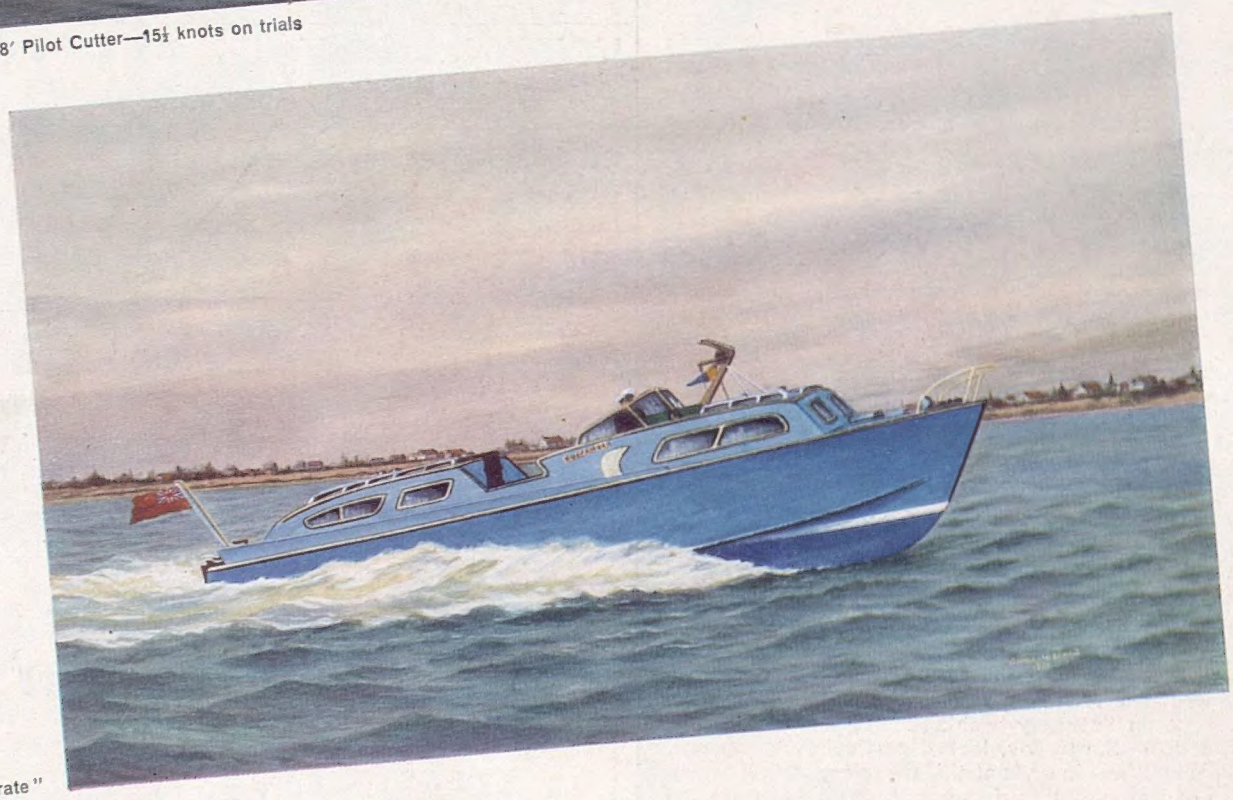

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